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Around Town.

After this session of the Commons has been completed, together with the adjustment of such matters as are incident to the death of the premier, and the disturbance of a dominant party, we must begin all over again. The Canadian people not only expect a new leader but they will insist upon a new deal. The compromises of twenty-four years ago will not do now. There must be a new understanding; there must be new men, new measures. I do not believe it possible for a new ministry to begin where Sir John left off, and successfully go on making petty compromises and personal deals. The necessities of the hour impose upon the coming administration new responsibilities. They cannot be shirked. Canada is willing to give the new leaders a chance, but a new generation has arisen, and amidst the wonders arising from the re-creation of the world we must soon find our national place.

It is strange what a disturbance the departure of one man has created. All at once old things seem to have begun to pass away. In the next decade we shall, whether we will or not, make history more rapidly. The time was when we let one man do it all; the very absence of this guiding spirit makes it startlingly necessary for each man to answer for himself. Joshua's question, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," and this question is now ringing throughout Canada as it never did when the old leaders made our choice for us and it was an easy matter to delegate our duties to one in whom we had entire confidence. Now there is no great trust of the people, and individual responsibility rests heavily. Had the old condition of things continued longer, we should have been weakened; perhaps it continued so long that we are not even now as strong as we should be, but while the world lasts nations will be found equal to the responsibilities they have to assume, and a Moses will arise to lead the people when an exodus from an improper or impossible state of affairs makes migration necessary.

Canada as a dominion, Australia as a commonwealth, South Africa as a prosperous and self-governing colony, the British West Indies with an awakened people, are all asking the Mother Land questions which must soon be answered. The trade problems which were once solved by the flag must now be settled by mutual concessions or be opened up by disputes dangerous to the integrity of the Empire. Lord Salisbury may evade at this moment, when an election is pending, the answer he must soon give; he may fear the fanatical free traders too much to try to point out Colonial dangers, but he is well informed and will soon lead where he now hangs back. All the problems are not on the Canadian slate; the solution of Imperial questions must help us out of our quandary, but we must think out all these things for ourselves. What is now needed is not talking but thinking.

To a great extent Sir John was the policy as well as the leader of the Conservative party. Neither Mr. Abbott, Sir John Thompson nor Sir Charles Tupper can be both; no living man can within ten years, if ever again, fill such a position. It is hard enough to find a leader, with a re-adjustment of our affairs and the development of a new policy or forecast its reception by the people. Those who fear as well as hate the idea of annexation to the United States, have reason to make haste and set their house in order.

It is said that Mr. W. R. Meredith is unwilling to leave a practice worth \$16,000 a year to become cabinet minister at \$7,000 per year. In the first place this country is not slighing for a dollar-a-day man to take the job; and in the second, if Mr. Meredith is not prepared to leave his practice for politics, why is he leader of the Opposition in the Legislature where, if he came into power, he would get but \$5,000 per year?

After nearly twenty months when I could scarcely walk at all owing to sciatica, I find walking a most delightful exercise. I think we do far too little of it, and am convinced that many of the ills that overtake us are caused by lack of exercise. The street cars are so handy and the fare so trifling that when one is late in the morning or tired in the evening, it is easy to find an excuse to ride. The only way to avoid this tendency is to cultivate the idea that walking is a privilege, a pleasure. An easy way to do this is to find pleasant company, and the majority of those who practice walking can be found with the same companions almost every day. To use an old-fashioned expression, one can "visit" while walking about almost better than any other way. So many things suggest themselves as topics of conversation; the sight of odd people, old acquaintances and all that sort of thing, give one plenty to talk about and having plenty to talk about is the essence of passing time away rapidly and pleasantly.

An odd feature of walking about, and it impresses me, as I explained before, because I have done so little walking until of late, is the way in which conventionalities become noticeable and force one into their narrow rut. If by rare chance I walk down early in the morning I see people who can be found on the street at no other time—the eager men of business and those who are forced to toll for the day's pay. They never go home again until after six at

night, and then weariness and worry have replaced eagerness and calculation on the faces of those who are trying to get rich, while the slow walk and the half tired and half contented look of a day's work well done can be seen on the faces of wage-earners. Going down about half-past eight or nine you find professional men, well-to-do merchants, head clerks, and those who do not have to open up shop. Between five and six the same stream turns homeward, showing fewer signs of the day's worry than can be noticed in the eyes of almost any other class.

Between one and two o'clock you mix with the few who go home to luncheon, and this is a well contented party as a rule. Life is not too hurried for them to find time to sit at their own table instead of snatching a bite in a kitchen-scented restaurant. One sees the traps of a few score men with the wife or servant who is driving them back after a meal with the family. This is a pleasant way of living, though I have no doubt it makes housekeeping harder and small establishments must find it much easier to present a proper average in a bill of fare when the lord of the manor selects something for himself at midday in a club or restaurant. Yet I imagine that

ties I think one will cease to do so after studying the habits of pedestrians. In street cars and railway coaches we are forced to consort with those who happen to be there and we cannot be judged by our seat mate, but when we have the choice of a place on the street we seldom pick up with or tolerate people who are displeasing to us. There is always some decent pretext for getting away from them, and thus in walking we can be fairly judged by the company we keep. There used to be an old adage, if I remember right:

"Be careful to whom you talk, of whom you talk, how, when and where."

The self-evident truths conveyed in this little distich I think could well be parodied by:

"Be careful with whom you walk, by whom you walk, how, when and where."

If we complain that the world is divided up into cliques and sets, we should remember that we do as much to create this condition and maintain such divided relations as anyone, and that if habit is permitted to express our tastes and desires by assorting us with a certain set, the remainder of the world has a right to believe that we have classified ourselves as we desire to be classed.

Of course when it rains one can find no

the young lady got off I ventured to make that remark to my neighbor, and the good old lady of the sweet face and the Quaker bonnet leaned across to me and said, "Yes, indeed, that girl has had a good bringing up." Yes, and I may venture to say she had a good heart as the mainspring of her good manners, for there are many cultured women who always fail to notice the wants of the aged and leave everything for someone else to do.

The civic management of the street car system is already resulting badly, as we had every right to expect; receipts are going down while expenses are going up, the service meanwhile gradually deteriorating, together with the track and plant. It has taken so little time to demonstrate the unfitness of Ald. Macdougall and his committee that now is a proper time to submit the question to the popular vote. When the appropriation for retaining the Esplanade between Yonge and York streets is being voted upon, let the citizens say whether the city or a company shall be given charge and if we are to have a Sunday service. Ald. Macdougall has had his head swelled by the magnitude of the concerns he is mismanaging; a vote would reduce the size of his hat and prevent the size of the deficit growing in pro-

gressively unfortunate for the Government and for the country, but there is only one thing to do if this investigation results as it is to be feared it will result, and that is to do right. It would be better to purge the party of convicted wrong-doers and all those against whom even the verdict of "not proven" is rendered, than to swamp itself while endeavoring to carry Jonahs to shore. When deciding such questions the Conservative party in the House of Commons becomes a jury which must know no friendship, and must remember that a political sin does not cease to be alarming and dangerous to the country because the one convicted of it has as an excuse that it was done to help the Government retain power. If such an offence is condemned, the criminality then can be properly urged against the whole party. Of course I am not suggesting anything more than what I should esteem the proper course if indubitable evidence is produced of the guilt of the accused. Nor is it my intention to express the least regret, no matter what the result may be, that rogues having fallen out punishment is likely to overtake those who otherwise would have escaped.

I suppose these hot days have reminded you that the Children's Fresh Air Excursions ought to have been organized for this year if they have not already been, and you will be glad to know that those who have been looking after the friendless youngsters have not forgotten their blessed task. Last summer SATURDAY NIGHT'S readers contributed \$74.75 to this fund. I hope they will be still more generous this season. There are many of those who read this page who have reason to be thankful for some unusual blessing, whose individual cheque for the amount already named would not impoverish them. There are those who have feared a great affliction and have been delivered from it, who can show their gratitude to kind Providence in no better way than by sending five hundred—a shipload—of friendless, poverty-stricken, half-fed children to play in the woods by some sandy beach for one glorious day. It only costs ten cents apiece to take them away from their misery and make them forget the alms for twelve beautiful hours, and they each get a mug of milk and a great big round bun to keep their poor little stomachs from digesting themselves. Perhaps I should not mention it, but children and women were more sympathetic last year than men were, as far as I could gather from the little notes that came in with the subscriptions, and the men who were most generous were those who were not esteemed especially pious, but who try to follow out the idea of religion as explained by the apostle, that "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction"—I can hardly say that they fulfill the balance of the injunction to "keep themselves unspotted from the world," but at least prove that they have not let their hearts get so hard that they can resist the wailing cry of misery. Now, my men friends, who sometimes sneer at the ostentatious charity of people who like to see their name in print or raise their hand as high as their head when they drop a dollar bill on the collection plate, send me some good big cheques or nice crisp ten dollar bills with initials such as I may use in acknowledging the receipt of the amounts in these columns, and I sha'n't tell a soul the good thing you have done, and you will feel happy and the good Lord will give you credit and the poor little kids will be happy all one day long. I never knew a man who got poor either in pocket or spirit by generosity of this sort; I never heard a man grumble that he had given ten dollars to preserve children from physical or soul starvation because he had afterwards needed that ten dollars to make another ten. I know very well that I have some readers who do not spend a great deal of money on churches. They can prove to their own souls that they do not stay away because they are too mean to put a bill on the plate, by sending what they can spare to the Children's Fresh Air Fund. As the famous preacher said, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." If you are satisfied with the security, down with the "dust." Every amount received will be forwarded at once to J. J. Kelso, secretary of the fund, and acknowledged in the next issue of SATURDAY NIGHT. Here is the first of the season, and a repetition of last year's subscription by the same staff of employees:

Canada Permanent Savings and Loan Society, \$12.50

For some time I have heard it rumored that the Toronto Ministerial Association has been on the verge of tackling secret societies, and one Presbyterian clergyman particularly has been mentioned as anxious to begin a crusade against Free Masonry. It has also been said that the popularity of the society which is obnoxious to our reverend friend has alone withheld the hands of those who feel it to be an irreligious and dangerous organization. In view of this antagonism I read with much interest the report of last Monday's regular meeting of the Baptist ministers of Boston. It appears that Rev. J. B. Stoddard, at the suggestion of his conferees, spoke of the influence of secret societies upon the church, and strongly denounced Masonry, even going so far as to declare that "When a man swears allegiance to that code he swears allegiance antagonistic to God." Rev. Mr. Cleveland arose to a point of order and, according to the despatch, said with suppressed emotion: "I am a Mason, and I have listened to



W. R. Meredith, M.P.P., Ontario's Choice for Conservative Leader at Ottawa.

too many families are run on this easy-going plan; children are permitted to take their lunch to school with them or to race into the dining-room and gobble down their food without regard to table etiquette or the restraint which a father is almost certain to impose at so important a time. The table manners of some children are so execrable that it seems to me they can be caused by nothing but an anxiety to make housekeeping easy. The rush of business and the social duties which crowd both father and mother permit a servant to preside over the table and result in childish habits which are patterned after those of the domestic, who, when away from the eye of authority is apt to show her worst temper, and certainly not her best manners.

If one is down town late at night, oddly enough you are apt to meet the same people on almost every occasion. They seem to go to the same places, the same percentage go home at a reasonable hour, walk up the same street as they do in the day time, have as a rule the same companions or at least the same class of companions, and altogether provide the same proof of the inexorable adherence to the habits and conventionalities which guide them at other times. Note but the night hawks stray about singly or come from unusual directions at unusual hours.

If we wonder at the power of conventional

pleasure in walking, and to escape a heavy shower I jumped into a Yonge street car the other evening. The curtains had not been put down, indeed they seldom are when it rains. There seems to be no watchful eye over the employees of the road and the conductor, rather than get himself wet, leaves the curtains up, and the seats in consequence are little puddles of water. I looked at the place that I intended to sit down on and it seemed dry. After I sat down I changed my opinion and hurriedly transferred myself to the opposite bench. The young lady who was watching the performance turned her face away and laughed. I suppose she could not help it, and one could not get angry at her, she had such a kindly and unaffected expression. By and by the car stopped, and an old lady in a Quaker bonnet climbed into the car with that stiffness and uncertainty of movement characteristic of old age. She stumbled and the young lady caught her about the waist and with strong, gentle arms placed her in the dry spot she had just vacated, taking for herself a very wet place at the end of the seat. When the old lady got out her fare the stiff, mitten-fingered fingers dropped the little coin into the folds of her dress, and again the gentle-faced girl came to her rescue, found it for her, put it in the box and whispered some laughing words. The old lady smiled in return and the half dozen men who were sitting therabouts looked at one another as much as to say, "That young woman is a credit to her sex." When

portion to the vanity of the badly balanced alderman from St. James' ward.

The investigation of the connection of "Uncle Tom" McGreevy, M.P., with crooked contracts and corruption funds, has already reached a point where it is impossible to believe him guilty of that "scandalous conduct" which caused the removal of the notorious "Charlie" Rykart from public life. Nothing yet has been shown to establish any direct connection between Sir Hector Langton and the doctored contracts. In all probability Mr. Perley, the Government engineer, will get the blame, though it is very doubtful if the public, knowing the intimate connection between Mr. McGreevy and Sir Hector Langton, in whose department this crooked business was done, can be convinced that the Minister of Public Works was not cognizant of the scandalous transactions. The fact, too, that a large amount of the money subscribed by the contractors who benefited by the frauds was spent in constituencies intended to give Sir Hector a "following," cannot be accounted for without more or less tainting the reputation of the Minister of Public Works and rendering him unfit to hold an important portfolio or indeed any public position. The Conservatives may imagine that at such a crisis as the present they cannot afford to throw overboard men who have by years of indefatigable toil made themselves prominent and almost necessary to the party. It is exceed-

this scathing stigmatization of the order in patience, but I cannot longer listen to such unjust and uncalled-for abuse." The meeting refused to sustain the point of order by fifty to seven, whereupon Mr. Cleveland rose and said: "I request that you drop my name from the roll of membership of this conference. I do not care to be a member of any body that refuses to sustain a 'decent point of order.' I presume that the Boston Baptist convention feel that they can get along very nicely without the Rev. Mr. Cleveland. In this they are no doubt correct. No other salary will cease because one man asked to have his name struck from the roll. Powerful sermons will no doubt be preached showing that the reverend seeder chose Masonry rather than Christianity, and the moral to be deduced will be that those who enter an order of that sort separate themselves from good things. All of this will be very timely, and the reverend gentlemen will no doubt feel like congratulating themselves on the result of their attack upon Free Masonry."

On the other hand, the sentences I have quoted have been telegraphed all over the United States and Canada, where hundreds of thousands of Free Masons and their families will read with astonishment that the Boston convention considers the order godless and unchristian. Every member of the order will know this to be untrue and will be indignant at those who have cast such an imputation upon a society which has done a vast amount of good. It is in a general sense that the Baptist convention and every other religious body injures itself when attacking something that the reverend gentlemen do not understand. Cruel and unjustifiable words may find applause in an audience composed of men who think that the church is the only means of disseminating right views and of keeping alive the spirit of charity and brotherly love. I am surprised at the Baptist brethren making such a mistake. Ordinarily the Baptist church minds its own business, and this has been often given as the reason why it has made such enormous strides of late years in Canada and the United States. In Toronto, I feel convinced that if an attempt were made in the Ministerial Association to denounce Masonry that one, at least, of our worthiest and most prominent Baptist clergymen would enter his protest, and the whole religious body cannot too soon repudiate the action of their Boston brethren.

Secret societies, particularly those having charitable and benevolent aims, have done a vast deal of good. In Free Masonry helpfulness is not considered charity; if money is given to assist an afflicted brother it is given to him as his right and in a spirit which the churches might well emulate. In many of the societies where certain sums are paid to the widow or heirs of a deceased brother, it saves them from poverty and the temptations and sufferings which follow the death of a bread winner and the cry of the wolf at the door. The obligations taken by a man who enters all the secret societies of which I have any knowledge are noble and uplifting, and if they were lived up to more strictly than they are the world would be better. It has been the habit of the Roman Catholic church especially to denounce Free Masonry, that body being accused of having fostered a spirit of religious and civil liberty antagonistic to church rule. Surely the Protestant denominations are not going to follow suit and demand that no bond shall exist between man and man that they do not create or untie, or that there be no charities and evidences of brotherly love into which they cannot insert a disturbing finger. Altogether, such attacks as the one made by the Rev. Mr. Stoddard are injurious to religion rather than to the societies denounced, and must lead those who know the facts to mistrust the men who without reliable information and certainly without being cognizant of evil consequences, would have us believe that when a Free Mason takes upon himself a solemn obligation he becomes antagonistic to God and godly things.

L'Eclerc and a number of other French papers continue to harp upon the ostracism which they claim has been put upon Catholics by the selection of Hon. Mr. Abbott instead of Sir Hector Langevin or Sir John Thompson as premier. With six Catholic members of the Cabinet the church has little to complain of. That under such circumstances complaint is made, simply proves that no matter how much they get they will demand still more. The speeches in the House suggest that in the Dominion, as in Ontario, the Liberal party intends to pose as the Catholic party. Mr. Laurier is a tolerant man of whose religion and nationality there should be no fear, but if his followers make any attempt to utilize his creed and nationality as a reason why the French-Canadians should support him, if they continue to urge that Sir John Thompson, who was offered the premiership and refused it, did so because his religion was unacceptable, we shall have forced upon us the unpleasant duty of accepting the situation. The speeches of the fiery young French and Irish members of the Liberal party are becoming intolerable. The attitude of the French and Catholic press and the sizers of the Liberals are calculated to make Sir John Thompson a political impossibility as premier. There was no Conservative in this province, or any other province, who was unprepared to follow Sir John Thompson, for they believe him to be a clean and honest man. The whole effort of the Opposition has been to try to kill him off. Acting upon Mr. Mercier's advice, the Liberal party is endeavoring to make the French-Canadians believe that all Conservatives are *Orangists*. If by any means they can force the dominant party into that attitude, an attitude which may become necessary in self-defence, they will shriek bigot, fanatic at Conservatives the Dominion over. For a little time such a policy, unpatriotic and dangerous, may be successful. The time may come when it will react, when a Protestant party may be formed: when, driven into the last ditch by the bold assumption that we are heretics and fanatics, the patience and

liberality which have characterized the English speaking citizens of Canada will fail. We may at least be sure that it is a dangerous experiment that is now being tried.

With regard to Sir John Thompson, I do not share the dislike so many people have for what is called a "pervert." In the eyes of Protestants a pervert is a man who practices Protestantism for Roman Catholicism. In the eyes of a Catholic, a pervert is a man who leaves the historical church for Protestantism. A man who does either for personal profit is a hypocrite of the first water, yet I venture to assert that instances are rare when a man crosses the boundary of such widely separated religions with an idea of advancing himself politically. So many clever men have left Protestantism and joined the Catholic church to their great personal disadvantage, in many cases wrecking all their social and political ambitions, that I am quite ready to admit a sense of duty as the basis of such a change. When a Catholic forsakes his hereditary religion he is eagerly welcomed by Protestants, yet in recent years but few men of prominence have moved in this direction. Of course the Roman Catholics are delighted to receive accessions from our ranks, and they have had many.

I am surprised at the bitterness with which our Methodist brethren have criticized Sir John Thompson. Sinners might be expected to vent their spleen upon a man who was born amongst them and left them, but Christians should be more charitable. I know several men who, if they had to choose between Methodism and Roman Catholicism, would not hesitate a moment to become Roman Catholics. This may sound exceedingly strange to Methodists, yet the fact that the people of the world are not all Methodists should convince our friends of that church that there is at least some argument for other churches.

As premier Sir John Thompson could not favor the Catholics half as much as a Protestant premier must. He would be continually under the surveillance of other denominations. He could explain to his constituents and co-religionists that privileges they demanded would cause his political ruin, while a Protestant premier in yielding to the same demands would be forced to admit to his co-religionists that what had been done was a necessary compromise. The chief thing we want is clean men. Either with or without Mr. Abbott as premier, Sir John Thompson and Mr. Meredith could hold the balance of power between the two great and conflicting religious bodies better than any other men in Canada. The Conservative party could hold French Canada with a clean English speaking Roman Catholic; Ontario would willingly follow and believe in Mr. Meredith. This having been accomplished, questions of public policy would not be continually mixed with theological and racial criticisms. We know that French Canada is not going to change, that their prejudices will not abate nor their demands become less impudent. They must consequently permit us to concentrate our forces and have a conscientious leader of the Protestant phalanx. Having admitted this much and each side having protected what it conceives to be its best interests, we may possibly live in peace. As far as Ontario is concerned this much must be done to preserve the integrity of the Conservative party.

DON.

Social and Personal.

The marriage of Mr. Moberly, editor of the *Week*, and Miss Hooper, took place in St. Simon's church on Wednesday morning at nine o'clock. The bride looked extremely well in her neat gray traveling suit. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Hooper. After the honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Moberly will take up house on Huntley street. A pretty episode of the wedding was the presentation to Mrs. Moberly of a lovely basket of roses, as she came to her carriage, by her co-workers of St. Simon's church decoration committee, and the strewing of flowers in her pathway by some of the small ladies and gentlemen of Rosedale.

Rev. Charles Brine of Hamilton was in Toronto to perform the marriage ceremony of his brother-in-law elect, Mr. T. E. Moberly.

Mr. and Mrs. Sewell of Rae avenue will summer in Oakville.

M. George Coustier, whose characteristic little sketch is among the literary contributions to this week's number of *SATURDAY NIGHT*, is now engaged upon a series of articles on America, from the point of view of a visiting Frenchman, to be published in book form. A rich treat is in store for his readers when the translation of these articles appears.

Sigmar Delasco delighted me with his fine singing on Friday of last week. Miss Janes, who made her debut as a pianist in Toronto after years of continental training, was charming in appearance, performance and manner, and Toronto gains another ornament to her society on the return of this sweet-faced lady.

Hon. Joseph A. Locke of Portland, Me., has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Earl of Spadina avenue. He and his son, Master John Locke, left for home on Wednesday by steamer via the St. Lawrence, Montreal and White Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Earls and family and Mr. and Mrs. Brennan of Spadina avenue left on Friday to spend the summer at Earlscourt, Lorne Park.

Miss Scott, Mr. H. S. and Miss Buck of Jameson avenue, Parkdale, returned on Saturday via New York. They spent the winter in Nice, and visited Rome and the many intervening places of beauty and interest, returning by way of Venice and the lakes and mountains of Switzerland.

A garden party, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the North Toronto Presbyterian church, will be held in the beautiful Glen Grove Park this afternoon.

Miss Nellie Johnston, of H. & H. Johnston, King street, sailed for Europe last week.

Mrs. J. Fraser Bryce has returned from a

visit to Manhattan Beach and Brooklyn and has taken up residence for the summer at Mrs. Mead's, on the Island.

Mrs. John Worthington and her daughter, Mrs. Elwood and family, who have passed the winter months at the Rossin House, have taken Mr. Cockburn's cottage at Birch Point, Lake Rosseau, where they intend to spend the summer. Mrs. Keighley and family leave at the end of June to join them for July and August.

A pleasant time was spent Tuesday evening in the grounds of Christopher Robinson, Q.C., the occasion being a garden party and band concert, given by the ladies of St. Margaret's church, Spadina avenue. The grounds were beautifully ornamented and illuminated with Chinese and other lanterns, flags and bunting, and reflected great credit on those forming the decoration committee and especially on Mrs. Harvard, Mrs. Moore, Miss Macgregor and Miss Battis and Mr. Code. The different tables were neatly arranged, the flower table being under the care of the Misses Macgregor, Battis and Hunter; the ice cream table that of Mrs. Harvard and Mrs. Glass; the strawberry table, Mrs. Granger and Mrs. Roberts; the candy table, Mrs. Jackes; the orange tree, Miss Carlyle and Miss G. Battle, while Miss Hall and Miss Riches supplied the thirsty with lemonade. Heintzman's band and Mr. H. L. Clarke contributed largely to the success of the evening, the latter playing several solos. The concert was one of the many favorite events of the season. Financially the church is to be congratulated on the evening.

Miss Mcneilly, daughter of Mr. W. J. Mcneilly, Marine Department, Ottawa, left by Cunard steamship *Aurania* on Saturday with a party of young ladies with whom she is making her annual trip through the British Isles and the continent of Europe.

A very pretty wedding occurred at Rathsmerey, Bowmanville, at midday on Wednesday, when Mr. B. Barton Cronyn of Toronto, son of Mr. V. Cronyn, Q.C., of London, Ont., and Miss Margaret McLaughlin, eldest daughter of Dr. J. W. McLaughlin, ex-M.P.P. for West Durham, were joined in the bonds of matrimony in the presence of a large number of relatives and intimate friends from Toronto, London and elsewhere. The bride's gown was of white Bengaline silk with the customary veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss Marion McLaughlin, sister of the bride, Miss Ethel White and Miss Viva Kerr of Toronto, and Miss Maggie Allen of Bowmanville, and they were uniformly attired in white liberty silk. The bride carried a beautiful bouquet of Marguerites. The groom was attended by Mr. Frank Shanly of Toronto and Master Hyde Betts also of Toronto. Rev. R. D. Fraser, M.A., pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, was the officiating minister. After the congratulations and all had partaken of the *recherche* wedding breakfast, the bridal party and guests were photographed on the lawn by a local artist. At 3 o'clock the happy young pair and a large number of guests left by special car for Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Cronyn have gone to the seaside, where they will spend a few weeks, after which they will take up their residence in Toronto.

The unexpected death last week of Major James R. Foster, which caused such genuine regret and sorrow among a large circle of relatives and friends, was superinduced by an attack of *la grippe* from which it was supposed he had almost entirely recovered. Mr. Foster was widely known as one of the most enthusiastic of the young military men of the city, and one of the hardest working and most popular officers the Q. O. R. ever had. He was a graduate of the military school and thoroughly versed in all military matters and details, and such was his fondness for the service that he would have adopted it as a profession were it not that he allowed himself to be overruled by the wishes of his family. Generous and whole-souled, time and money were lavishly spent to promote any scheme of interest to that corps, and no sacrifice was considered too great to make for the regimen whose welfare he had so much at heart, and there are many to testify to that even open-hearted liberality which often prompted him to pay, for perhaps weeks at a time, the expenses of a member of his company sick or unfortunate, and his retirement was only very reluctantly decided upon at the death, a year or two ago, of his father, the late Mr. James Foster, for thirty-four years one of Toronto's most highly esteemed citizens, and well remembered as head of the firm of James Foster & Sons, hardware merchants, one of the oldest and most reliable houses in the city and in which, till its dissolution, James H. was a junior partner. He was a member of the Yacht Club, also of most of the other city organizations and a life member of St. John's Masonic Lodge and a member of the National Club. The late W. A. Foster, Q.C., was his eldest brother. He was unmarried, and the funeral, at which there was an unusually large representative attendance, took place from the homestead to the family plot in the Necropolis. The pall bearers were Col. Hamilton, Major Dlamere, Capt. and Adj't. Maitton of the Q.O.R., and Messrs. Hugh Blain, R. H. Jones and Thos. Waitley.

The marriage of Miss Beale F. Beatty, formerly of Detroit, to Mr. Frederick L. Fraser of this city, was solemnized on June 3 at six o'clock at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. J. L. P. Beatty, Chatham. The wedding was a quiet one, only the immediate friends and the relatives of the bride and groom being present. The bride was attended by her charming little niece, Miss Maude Bauble, who was dressed in white, with corresponding flowers. Miss Whiting of Detroit was maid of honor, and Mr. Nelson Gillette was groomsman. Among the relatives present were: Mrs. James Beatty, the Misses Clara and Eva Beatty, Mrs. W. E. Bauble, sister of the bride, the Misses Fraser, sisters of the groom, Mr. Stuart Fraser, a brother, Mrs. Wilmet and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Williamson. The bride wore a gown of white faille Francaise, white tulie veil and carried lilies of the valley. Miss Whiting wore a picturesque gown of lavender and white, with white and pink flowers. Among those present from Detroit were: Mrs. Cyrus

Lothrop, Mrs. Cronin, Miss Mandel, Miss Field, Miss Trowbridge, Mrs. H. Mair, F. Whiting, S. Fraser and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bauble. The ceremony was performed by Rev. F. Murphy of Holy Trinity church. After the wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Fraser left on an evening train for an eastern trip. The bride is the daughter of Mr. James Baatty, formerly a widely known and much respected merchant of Detroit, who died some few years ago. The groom is a popular young business man in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Wilkinson and family of Grange Avenue have gone to their summer resort, Port Carling, Muskoka.

Guests registered at the Penetanguishene: Mr. and Mrs. G. V. J. Greenhill of Galt, Mr. J. Sawren McMurray of Toronto, Master Douglas McMurray of Toronto, Master J. S. McMurray, Jr. of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Luckey and family of Rochester, N. Y., Mr. A. W. Ambrose of Hamilton, Mr. A. W. Spring of Ann Arbor, Mich., Mr. Roderick Cameron of New York, Mr. Wallace Jones of Toronto, Mr. A. H. Bromley-Davenport of Toronto, Mr. Alex. Ford of Toonto, Professor and Mrs. Olds of Rochester, N. Y.

Among the passengers for Parisian which leaves Quebec this week are: Sir Daniel Wilson, daughter and niece, Mr. and Mrs. John Leyn and Mrs. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville and family, Mr. and Mrs. Brodie and family, Mr. Alex. Nairn, Mr. Tomlinson, Miss Evans, Miss Nanton, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. Trees and two children, Mr. John Harvie, Mr. Mortimer Clark and family, Rev. and Mrs. Scott Howard, Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr.

The itinerant system of the Methodist church, though calculated to distribute the ability and power of the ministry more equally over the country, yet has its painful side in the severance of pleasant associations just when they seem to be accomplishing together the greatest amount of good. Often the wife of the minister—as an Irishman near me suggests—is his "right hand man." The removal of Rev. Dr. Hunter and his wife from Carlton street church to St. James', Montreal, is a case in point. Mrs. Hunter was foremost amongst the women of the church in every good thing. She could sing in the choir if it needed strengthening, lead in prayer—though a timid woman, if other timid women were afraid to—or mend the ragged breeches of a motherless urchin. Carlton street church never had a more faithful service from their pastor's wife. The women of the church felt this, and on Wednesday last met in the church parlor and presented Mrs. Hunter with an address, basket of flowers and a well filled purse. They dispelled the gloom of the occasion by joining together in a pleasant afternoon tea with a "dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream."

Mr. M. L. Hodder, son of the late Dr. Hodder and son-in-law of Dr. Ross of Simcoe street, has left Ingersoll, where he has been one of the officers of the Merchants' Bank for eleven years. Last week a few of Mr. Hodder's most intimate friends assembled together and presented him with a magnificent Crown Derby dinner set of one hundred and twenty-five pieces, a beautiful piano lamp and a silver *entree* dish. Mr. Stephen Nixon on behalf of the assembly read an address, to which the recipient made a feeling and appropriate reply. Mr. Hodder goes on promotion to Walkerton, where he carries the best wishes of a large circle of friends.

The Island Amateur Aquatic Association give an At Home at the new club house, Centre Island, next Saturday. There will be sweet sounds, toothsome viands and good company and, to quote one of the members, "You will see how Islanders can make life on a sand bar somewhat bearable."

The Rev. J. Scott Howard, rector of St. Matthew's Church and Miss Emma Louise Russell, daughter of Mr. John Russell of Sherbourne street, were married by Rev. J. McLean Ballard of St. Anne's, on Tuesday morning. Rev. J. W. Channer of Adrian, Michigan, assisted in the ceremony. The bride wore a gown of white silk and Brussels lace. She was attended by her five sisters, the Misses Annie, Mary, Gertie, Nellie and Alice Russell. The best man was Rev. Allan Blackler, curate of St. Matthew's. Mr. and Mrs. Howard left on a three months' tour through Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Scott sailed on the Parian last Thursday.

The following have reserved rooms for the season at the Iroquois Hotel: R. Y. Hebdon and family of Montreal, F. Q. Avery and family of Ottawa, Francis May and family of Montreal, Mrs. Gault of Troy, W. E. Price and family of Montreal, Mrs. and Miss Anderson of New York, R. Y. Smith and family of Syracuse.

(Continued on Page Twelve.)

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Between You and Me.



"BYE-BYE, be good to yourself!" cried my hearty-voiced friend as he waved me a farewell from the car platform. But his words haunt me, till I must think them out on paper. Are we good to ourselves, dear readers? I don't think some of us are. Let us look at a few examples we all recognize of people who are not good to themselves. There is the woman who wears tight shoes and crushes her tender feet into untold agonies that she may appear unto men to be delicately fashioned and daintily made. Isn't she mean to herself, inflicting untold torture on her poor pedal extremities, for no good or sensible reason? And there is the woman who immoderately eats pastries and ice creams and drinks green tea; isn't she unkind to herself, insulting and torturing her unfortunate stomach until it revenges itself by striking altogether? And the woman who frets, is she good to herself? The ugly wrinkles between her eyebrows, the downward curve of her discontented mouth that used once to smile so prettily; the sharp tone of her voice that once rang out in happy cadence; all these repulsive features she has put upon herself, are they the special gifts of goodness, as we understand it?

But the men, I know, aren't good to themselves sometimes, either. One works and slaves, and worries and grumbles that his income may rise fast into the four figures. Isn't he hard on himself? One puffs at a stinking nicotine-soaked pipe until his near approach makes the delicate senses of his neighbors shudder, while his own sense of smell and taste and eyesight slowly dull and dim. Is he good to himself? Or a third, poisoning his system and setting his blood afire with alcohol, blunting his finer sense of right and wrong, warping his judgment, stealing his wits—can't he a cruel wretch to himself? You and I know the only answer! You and I know that the most hopeless thing we can say of a man is that he is his own worst enemy. How sad and strange that sounds. Ah!—men and women—consider a little; let the overwork and the overindulgence stop, and for the sake of your own life on earth and to better appreciate your hoped-for life in Heaven, rest, control, deny, and so in the true sense be good to yourselves.

I was at a funny little tea party last week. The tea was made on a tiny coal oil stove, and the strawberry shortcake was unearthened from a great market basket. The furniture of the boudoir in which we had our tea was of varied sizes and shapes, from the comfortable editorial chair of the sanctum to a groggy old grimy creature with black hair-chair cushion and rope tying its legs together, which on account of its creaking and groaning is known to its inmates as the "old maid." The tea was supposed to be a female tea, moreover an editress tea, but a few of the bold representatives of the western sex managed to creep in. "Aunt Polly-wog" reposed in a delightful deck chair; "Madge Merton" perched her small self on a kindergarten seat of becoming proportions; "Faith Fenton" took gentle possession of the sofa, "Mrs. Macstinger" monopolized that squeaky horsehair creature aforementioned; "Kit's" regrets were silently eloquent on the editorial desk, "Touchstone" perched on the sofa's arm, and "Metronome" pervaded the atmosphere generally and ate up the last of the shortcake. I made the tea and though I vow to you it tasted to me like linseed, still on the testimony of the nymphs of the pen I must state that it was first rate. Next time it will be better.

"Just tell me the truth!" said a serious-faced mother, to a little flushed, stammering prevaricating sinner who stood self convicted before her. And the youngster's face cleared as if by magic and he said in a relieved tone "Jack and me was wrestling an' we fallen on it an' it broked." And I wondered at the trouble folks take sometimes to explain and excuse the unexplainable and the inexcusable, and I know it would be just such a relief to them if they would simply state the truth and leave it.

"It's hard to tell what is the truth," says my pet friend, as he reads that last item over my shoulder. And I am startled both at his advent and his remark, but I wait weekly while he sits on my sofa and leans back with his eyes shut, and proceeds as follows: "Just start out some morning determined that nothing but strictest fact shall pass your lips, not one exaggeration, not one flattering syllable, not one polite assurance. Every time you make an insincere remark or conceal a sentiment by some word—play or state an embroidered fact or make an exaggerated estimate, put a mark down against yourself." He paused. And I, knowing the day and its duties, valuing my life and my happiness, considering the feelings of others, looked at my friend seriously and shook my head. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, would soon make my haunts too hot to hold me!

I was so sat upon by a superior person this week that I won't recover for a month, I am sure! It was about the Little Wives of India, and this is what she said: "Is it possible that you, a Sunday school teacher, a Christian and a woman, could announce to the public that you never knew anything about the crying abuses we have been so long and earnestly fighting and praying against?" And as soon as I got my breath and remembered how many hours I had sat chatting with this superior person about little matters, I said, "Well, I think it is queer you never told me!" And she said very dignifiedly, "Of course, I supposed you knew." And I can't see yet why she never mentioned the matter, can you?

A splendid man has died this month in New

York. The obituary notice I read in *Harper's Weekly* recalled such pleasant memories of his wisdom, his cheerfulness, his goodness, his bright smile and sweet hearty laugh. He loved art and music and people so much, he was a physician and he knew almost as well how to minister to a mind diseased as to a suffering body—especially a female body. The *Harper's* says: "In his specialty Dr. Barker was consulted by physicians from all parts of the country, and patients were sent to him from far and wide. But as a family physician his position was unique. His disposition was most charming, and his cheerful presence brought sunshine into every sick room he entered. When he reached a patient he not only reassured the family, but cheered up the sick person by restoring confidence. If all did not feel that everything was safe while he was in charge, they were confident that the best would be done that was possible, and they were correspondingly hopeful. His presence—he was a tall and commanding man—and kindly face aided him not a little in his ministrations. He had as his patients very many of the richest and best known families in New York. He attended the late William B. Astor, and also his son, the late John Jacob Astor, and he was General Grant's physician in his last illness."

"Oh, she is all very well for a while, but she don't know when to stop," said an impatient male creature to me as we mentioned a mutual friend. It is a fine thing to know when to stop. An introduction, an acquaintance, an unrestricted intercourse, an intimacy, and isn't it about time to stop? before the line that one touches breaks on the brink of the precipice. A name mentioned, a smile, a question, an evasive answer, a surmise, a shake of the hand, an exclamation, but, hold on, it is time to stop. In a minute the time will be past! A contradiction, an angry frown, a remembrance of some bygone dispute, a retort, a biting sarcasm, a cutting judgment, a silent gesture of contempt, a dimmed eye and a wedding ring grows suddenly weighty! Ah! it is full and all serious time to stop! A little debt, a borrowed tenner, an unlucky deal, an extravagant purchase, another borrowing, a little cooking of the monthly statement, a tight place, another borrowing! Great heavens, it's time to stop, and by hard and canny conduct start even once more! And whether it is in love or labor, fun or fancy, joy or sorrow, remember, oh my people, there is a place where you ought to stop.

There has just flitted past my window the prettiest little sight. Over the front wheel of a safety bicycle some sort of little seat was slung, and thereon was perched a wee, wee girl in a quaint dark greenaway frock and a wide-brimmed hat wreathed with flowers. She looked like a doll, seen from editorial altitudes, and when her papa rode happily along out west he had quite a crowd of admirers. By the by, a picturesque group of more than half a dozen lady and gentleman cyclists was to be seen on the grass in the Horticultural Gardens at the very matutinal hour of six o'clock on Monday morning, and at a becoming distance the three-legged fiend, a Camera.

LADY GAY.

When the Lilacs Were in Bloom.

For Saturday Night.
Ah, me! But the sky wore a brighter blue
And we loved with a love we both deemed true,
And caught in our hearts had room
But faith and hope. "Twas a golden day
When you gathered the flower from the bending spray,
When the lilacs were in bloom.

I have the flower; but its bloom has faded,
The sky is darkened, the sun is shaded
In the present gray of gloom
Wishes are like blossoms. Our hope is dead,
All joy is over for faith is dead,
The lilacs are in bloom.

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The Peer and the Woman.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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PROLOGUE.

Side by side with his dignified, handsome wife, Lord Bernard Clanavon, Earl of Alceston, stood receiving his guests in the spacious corridor which led into the brilliantly lit ball-room of his town mansion. It was getting on towards midnight, but the street of arrivals was scarcely yet lessened, and the broad marble staircase, lined with flights of palms and sweet-smelling exotics, was still thronged with graceful women in marvellous costumes and flashing jewels, and tall, distinguished-looking men, some in gorgeous uniforms, with crosses and orders glistening upon their breasts, a few in court dress, and fewer still in the ordinary evening garb of civilians. For it was the first function of any social importance of a season which promised to be an exceptionally brilliant one, and nobody who was anybody at all in the charmed circle of London society would have thought of missing it. And so they trooped up the crimson drugged stairs in incongruous array, statesmen and peers, learned men and poets, men of the world and men of letters, the former with the latter in most cases without their womenkind; and very few indeed passed on into the ball-room without receiving some graceful little speech of welcome from their courteous host or charming hostess.

A politician, a diplomatist, and the head of a noble family, Lord Alceston was a very well known and popular leader of the world in which he lived. It would have been strange indeed had he been other than popular. Look

at him as he bends low over the plump little hand of the Duchess of M.—and welcomes her with a little speech which in one sentence contains an epigram and a compliment. His face possesses the rare combination of an essentially patrician type of features and distinct expressiveness. There is nothing cold about his light blue eyes, or his small firm mouth, although the former are clear and piercing as an eagle's, and about the latter there lurks not the slightest trace of that indecision which so often mars faces of that type. The streaks of gray in his coal-black hair seem only to lend him an added dignity, and the slight stoop of his high shoulders is more the stoop of the horseman or the student than the stoop of "gaucherie"—rather graceful than otherwise, for notwithstanding it he still towers head and shoulders over the majority of the guests whom he is welcoming. He looks what is certainly an aristocrat, and a man of perfect breeding; the very prototype of an Englishman of high birth. So much for his appearance!—and enough, for he will not long trouble the pages of this story. Of his wife it is not necessary here to say more than that she looks his wife. She, too, is handsome, dignified and aristocratic, and if society admires and reverences Lord Alceston, it adores his wife.

At last the stream grows a little thinner. A great many have arrived in a body from a ducal dinner party, and when these have made their bow and passed on through the curtained archway to where the Guards' band is playing the most delightful of Waldeufel's waltzes, there comes a lull. Her ladyship, closing her fan with a little snap, glances down the empty staircase and up at her husband. He stifles the very slightest of yawns and, smiling apologetically, offers his arm with a courtesy which, but for his charm of manner, might have seemed a trifle elaborate.

"I think that we might venture now," he remarked suavely. "You are a little fatigued, I fear." She shrugged her white shoulders, flashing white diamonds, and laid her delicate little fingers upon his coat sleeve. "A mere trifle; whatever does Neilson want here I wonder?" Lord Alceston paused, and turning round, faced a tall, grave looking servant, in a suit of sober black, who was advancing slowly towards him, making his way through the throng of liveried footmen who lined the staircase. He carried a small silver salver in his hand, upon which reposed a single note. "Is that anything important, Neilson?" asked his master, frowning slightly. "I believe so, my lord," the man answered apologetically, "or I would not have taken the liberty of bringing it now. The bearer declined to wait for an answer."

During the commencement of his servant's speech Lord Alceston's eyes had rested idly upon the superscription of the note which lay before him. Before its conclusion, however, a remarkable change had taken place in his manner. He made no movement, nor did he ask any question. He simply stood quite still as though turned to stone, holding his breath even, gazing steadfastly down at the one line of address on the note. It seemed to have fascinated him; he did not even put out his hand to take it from the salver until Neilson reminded him of it again.

"Will your lordship take the note?" he said in a low tone.

Lord Alceston stretched out his hand and took it after momentary hesitation, which was very much like an involuntary shiver. Directly his fingers had closed upon it he seemed himself again.

He looked swiftly around to see that no one had observed his passing agitation, and was satisfied. The footmen standing in line were still absorbed, partly in their duties, partly in the contemplation of their calves. His wife had been struggling with a refractory bracelet, which she had only just adjusted. Neilson alone had been in a position to notice anything unusual.

"You did quite right, Neilson. You will excuse me for one moment!" he added, turning to the corner. "This—dispatch may possibly require my immediate attention."

She bowed her head languidly, and sinking down upon a settee recommenced fanning herself. Lord Alceston moved a little to one side, crushing up the note which he had taken from the salver in his slim, delicate fingers. For a moment he hesitated, and seemed inclined to destroy it unopened. The impulse, however, passed away, and standing back behind some tall palms, which half concealed him from his wife, he tore it nervously open.

Whatever the contents might have been they could have consisted of only a very few words, for he seemed to master them at a glance. But he did not immediately return to his wife's side. He stood there for more than a minute, with his back turned to her and the little troop of servants, and a very strange look in his face. One hand was pressed close to his side as though to ease some pain there, and the fingers of the other were locked around the half sheet of note paper which he had just received, crumpling it up in a second, and then dropping it. He had all the appearance of a man who had received a blow which, for the moment, had withered up all his faculties. His features were still impassive, but his face had a cold, numb look, and all the light had died out of his eyes, leaving them glassy and dim. For a brief while he stood as motionless as a statue; then suddenly he shivered like a man awaking from a hideous nightmare, and moved his hand quickly from his side to his cold, damp forehead.

Lady Alceston, who could only see his back, and that imperfectly, began to wonder what was the matter. She rose and walked slowly over towards him. The sound of her rustling skirts trailing over the thick soft carpet seemed to suddenly recall him from his abstracted state. He turned round slowly and faced her.

"It is necessary for me to write an answer to this note," he remarked quietly. "If my absence for a few minutes is observed, you will be able to make some excuse for me. The matter is really an important one."

She raised her eyebrows but was too well bred to evince much surprise or even curiosity.

"From Downing street?" she inquired nonchalantly. "I didn't notice the seal."

"Yes; from Downing street," he answered.

"It may take some little time to answer, but you may rely upon my being as expeditious as possible."

She turned away with a slight inclination of the head, and leaving him, entered the ballroom. He moved forward, and gravely held the curtain open for her, taking it from the hand of a servant who was stationed there; then he retraced his steps, and, leaving the ante-room by a private door, passed down a flight of stairs, through another door, and along a passage until he reached the apartment on the ground floor he called his study.

It was a great room, finely proportioned, and handsomely furnished, lined with books from floor to ceiling—a worthy study even for Lord Alceston, scholar, author, and politician. He passed across the thick carpet, cast like a man in a dream, and gave a slow, measured step, sank into a chair in front of a black ebony writing-table strewn with letters, and a pile of correspondence and blue books. For a moment he sat bolt upright gazing into vacancy, or rather at the thick crimson curtains which hung before him, then suddenly his head dropped upon his folded arms, and remained buried there for nearly a quarter of an hour. When he looked up his face was scarred and lined, as though with some swift terrible trouble—as though he were passing through some fierce ordeal.

He poured himself out a glass of water from a carafe which stood at his elbow, and drank it slowly. Then he set the empty glass down, and leaning forward in his chair pressed the knob of an electric bell in the wall opposite to him.

Almost immediately there was a soft knock at the door and his servant Neilson appeared.

Lord Alceston looked at him fixedly, as though seeking to discover something in the man's face. If he had hoped to do so, however, he was disappointed, for he remained absolutely impulsive. The only expression of his master withdrew his searching gaze with a slight movement of impatience, and gave his orders with his eyes fixed upon the table before him.

"Get my sister from my room, Neilson, and fetch me a hansom—tote the mews door, of course."

"Very good, my lord."

Neilson was a perfectly trained servant, but he had not been able to conceal a slight start of surprise. Lord Alceston noticed it and frowned.

"Neilson," he said, "you will remember what I told you when you entered my service?"

The man bowed. "I do, my lord. I was to be surprised at no orders which you might give me and never to repeat them."

Lord Alceston nodded. "Very good! Remember to obey them in the present instance."

"I shall do so, my lord." The door closed, and Lord Alceston was left alone for a minute. He looked carefully around as though to assure himself of the fact, for the reading lamp upon his desk was heavily shaded. It was quite sufficient to dispel the gloom which hung about the room. Suddenly he rose, and walked with swift, silent footsteps to the furthest corner, in which stood a black oak chest with old-fashioned brass rings. He paused to listen for a moment—there was no sign of Neilson's return. Then he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, opened one of the lower drawers, and pushing his hand back to the remote corner felt about for a moment. Apparently he found what he wanted, for suddenly he withdrew his hand, transferred some object to his pocket, and returned to his seat. Almost immediately Neilson reappeared carrying the ulster under his arm.

"The hansom is at the mews door, my lord," he said, holding up the coat.

Lord Alceston rose and suffered himself to be helped into it.

"Very good. You fetched it yourself, I hope?"

"Certainly, my lord. Is there anything else?"

His master buttoned his coat up to his ears and drawing a slouch cap from the pocket fastened it over his forehead. Then he hesitated for a moment.

"No, there is nothing else at present, Neilson," he answered slowly. "I shall lock this door, and if I am required for you can let it be understood that I am engaged upon an important dispatch."

The man bowed and withdrew. Lord Alceston, drawing out his key from his pocket, followed him to the door and carefully locked it on the inside. Then recrossing the room, he drew aside a Japanese screen and unlocked a small green baize door, which closed after him with a spring. He was then in a long dark passage, along which he passed rapidly until he emerged into a quiet side street, at the corner of which a cab was waiting. Without waiting to speak to the man he stepped quickly inside and pulled down the window. The driver opened his trap door and looked down.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

Lord Alceston waited nearly half a minute before he answered. Then he gave the address with some hesitation, and in so low a tone that he had to repeat it. The man touched his hat, closed the trap door and drove off.

Two hours had passed since Lord Alceston had left his wife's side, and he was back again to his guests again. Certainly he was amply atoning for his brief desertion of them, for the most evident proof of this was one of the most charming of his. He seemed to be in all places at all times and to be incapable of fatigue. Now he was the life and soul of a little group of gossiping politicians, now amongst a bevy of dowagers, telling a story which was just sufficiently risqué to awaken their keen interest without making them feel bound to appear unnatural prudish, and consequently putting them all into a delightful temper. Now he was acting as his own master of ceremonies, and introducing exactly the right people to one another, and now he was walking through the mazes of a square dance with an old-fashioned stately dignity which many of the younger men envied him. Wherever he went he seemed to drive gloom before him and to breathe gaiety into the dullest of the dull. Even his wife watched him admiringly, and wished that he would always exert himself as he was doing then, for there were times, as she well knew, when he was but a nonchalant host. But to-night he was exceeding himself; he was brilliant, dignified and full of tact. She began to wonder as she passed slowly through the rooms on the arm of a footman, and answered with sweet smiles but only partial interest, his laborious compliances, whether that note from Downing street had brought any good news. Visions of her husband at the head of the Cabinet, and entertaining for his party, began to frost before her eyes, and she gave herself up to them until the growing coolness of her companion's manner warned her to abandon dreaming for the present and devote herself to her duties. But she made a mental note to inquire of her husband respecting that note, at her earliest opportunity.

At last the spacious room began to thin.

Roxbury had come and gone; the perfume of exotics was growing fainter and fainter, and the fairy lights were growing dimmer and dimmer. Faster than before all the plagues of Egypt do London beauties fly before the daylight after a night's dancing, and the guests were departing in shoals before the faint gleams of approaching morning. At last their hour of release had come, and Lord Alceston sought his wife.

"I have a letter to write for the morning post," he remarked. "With your permission

I will come to your room for a cup of tea in half an hour."

Lady Alceston, seeing that save for the servants they were alone, indulged in the luxury of a yawn before she answered:

"Do you want to have a few minutes' talk? Don't be longer. Everything has gone off well, I think!"

"Thanks to your admirable arrangements, yes, I think so," he answered courteously.

"Yes; from Downing street," he answered.

"It may take some little time to answer, but you may rely upon my being as expeditious as possible."

She turned away with a slight inclination of the head, and leaving him, entered the ballroom. He moved forward, and gravely held the curtain open for her, taking it from the hand of a servant who was stationed there; then he retraced his steps, and, leaving the ante-room by a private door, passed down a flight of stairs, through another door, and along a passage until he reached the apartment on the ground floor he called his study.

It was a great room, finely proportioned, and handsomely furnished, lined with books from floor to ceiling—a worthy study even for Lord Alceston, scholar, author, and politician.

He passed across the thick carpet, cast like a man in a dream, and gave a slow, measured step, sank into a chair in front of a black ebony writing-table strewn with letters, and a pile of correspondence and blue books. For a moment he sat bolt upright gazing into vacancy, or rather at the thick crimson curtains which hung before him, then suddenly his head dropped upon his folded arms, and remained buried there for nearly a quarter of an hour. When he looked up his face was scarred and lined, as though with some swift terrible trouble—as though he were passing through some fierce ordeal.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Notes of an Idler.

Shakespeare in describing his highest ideal of alluring female beauty, speaks of Cleopatra's "infinite variety." And to the idler this constitutes one of the greatest of Nature's charms. She never repeats herself. There never were two blades of ribbon grass alike, nor two butterflies with wings exactly alike, nor since that evening when the first awe-stricken man grieved to see the sun sink have there been two sunsets alike. And more replete with interest than any other event in nature is this everyday event—the dying of the great light that people formerly invested with a personality, and have hardly yet ceased to do so. We English speaking people, the countrymen of Newton, know the folly of such poetic ideas, but still the sun helps and hinders our affairs so much that we are almost like poor pagans, tempted to regard him as a god and propitiate him to gain his favor. And how majestic is his reigning and how kinglike, what to us for the time being is his death. And it is of the infinite variety of this death that I started out to speak. One can imagine the awe inspired in that first man by the falling monstrous disc, the golden roseate vistas of the assembled clouds, and the final disappearance of the king and the fading of his train of light. And since that night how many millions of phases of his gorgeousness has he shown—ever different and ever beautiful, sometimes transcendently so. Here the other evening, while the heavens were still thundering, he cast a golden lining on the tempestuous clouds to precede his descent, then through the crystal wall of the falling rain he himself was seen; then the black clouds again enveloped him, and then once more he revealed himself and every window and drooping blade of grass and pool was made beautiful. Then the clouds again drifted across his face and gradually over the indefinite area of translucent gold, and all was black again, and no one saw him sink. Or at other times he shows great snowy mountains outlined in gold with vales of beauty opening on their shades, ever changing and shifting. Unknown, unexplorable countries; the Islands of the Blest, that Horace sang of, perhaps.

And the Frenchman's science tells us that the dying last man shall see his rosy light scintillating from endless fields of ice, and shall see the frozen whiteness of the sky transformed by the setting sun's rays and the countless reflections of the ice-bound earth.

Music.

On Thursday evening the public concert of the Toronto College of Music was given at the Pavilion before an immense and very much interested audience. Though the programme was of great length it was "sat out" by most of the audience, who were by no means chary of expressing their hearty approval of the good things musical provided by the students. The following programme was offered: Leutner, Overture (Fest); piano, sixteen hands, Misses Tait, Reynolds, McKinnon, Burt, Smith, D'Alrymple, Kane, Lamport; and Henrion, Loin du Pays Tyrolienne, vocal, Miss McPaul; Mozart, Allegro (Concerto, op. 83) two pianos and orchestra, Misses McKay and Broughton; Lucanton, Il Ritorno, vocal, Miss Edith Mason; Chopin, Vivace, Rondo (Concerto, op. 11), piano and orchestra, Miss Sullivan; Eckert, Echo Song, vocal, Miss Scrimger; Scharwenka, Polka Dance, Vogrich, Staccato Capriccio, piano, Miss Sara Ryan; Lucanton, A Night in Venice, vocal duet, Mrs. Smith and Mr. Bird; Raff, a Cavatina, Weinawski, Mazurka, viola solo, Mrs. Church; Wagner, Tannhauser (Overture), piano, sixteen hands, Misses Wey, McKinnon, F. Smith, Kane, Sullivan, Wells, McKay, Scott; Schumann, Andante-Variations, op. 46, two pianos, Misses Boulthee and Benson; Vaccaj, Tombstone Romeo and Juliet, vocal, Miss Bonall; Liszt, a Liebes Traume, No. 3, Chopin, b Ballade, No. 3, piano, Miss Gaylord; Verdi, Bella Figlia, vocal quartette, Misses McPaul and Bonall; Messrs. Parr and Lugdin; Godard, a Mazurka, in D minor, Boccherini-Josephy, b Minuet, piano, Miss Landell; Weber, Jubilee Overture, piano, sixteen hands, Misses Reynolds, Tait, Kane, Lampert, Sullivan, F. Smith, S. F. Smith, Burt.

The playing of the two overtures on four pianos produced an excellent effect. The young ladies kept excellent time and their renditions displayed no mean appreciation of the necessary orchestral effects. Of course it will be remembered that the work of each young student does not usually come under the sharp light of criticism, yet many of the performers, both vocal and instrumental, were so well advanced in their respective departments that they could well stand the severe test of a critical weighing of their renditions. In the piano section especially the work was extremely good, and the rendering of the two concertos by the Misses McKay and Broughton, and Miss Sullivan, was well worthy of high praise, especially as they were played with the necessary orchestral parts. Similar excellence attended the performance by the Misses Boulthee and Benson who displayed excellent technical resources and very good taste, as well as that by Miss Gaylord, a very promising pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, who played with a very facile technique and with a breadth and clearness most desirable as a ground work for advanced study. The

vocal pupils showed excellent proficiency, Miss Scrimger especially singing with good voice, method and style. Miss Bonall showed a decided advance upon former efforts, more especially in shading of tone. The Rigoletto quartette was not a distinguished success. Such works as this, which tax the highest powers of the best artists, are sometimes beyond the reach of sanguine students.

The Hon. G. W. Ross, in well chosen words, referred to the interest manifested by the public in this prosperous institution, as shown by the immense audience gathered to listen to the annual concert, and expressed the pleasure he had in presenting the gold medal to Miss Fannie Sullivan, not the highest honor to be conferred by the college, but one most desirable to obtain, being the reward of all round musicianship. He hoped to see Miss Sullivan take a degree at a future day in the University of Toronto.

On Friday evening Signor Delasco gave a most enjoyable *souirre musicale* in the Art Gallery of the Academy of Music, before an audience that was all too small for the deserts of the programme. It was just the programme for a warm summer night, short and good. Signor Delasco made himself a favorite at once. He is a fine, frank-looking young fellow, and his voice is just as frank and free in its style. It is a splendid serviceable basso of good compass, with a fine solid tone throughout. Its quality is bright and full, with an especial characteristic of roundness and power. He has had good training and sings with ease and abandon. His faults—and who among us is entirely faultless?—are an occasional tendency to a slight aberration from the pitch and a slight lack of repose on the concert platform, probably a reminiscence of his operatic work. Signor Delasco has sung successfully at La Scala in Milan, at Covent Garden, and at other famous European opera-houses, and came back to America (he is a native of Toronto) to sing with the Juch Opera Company. His acquaintance with opera is evident in the manner in which he sang Infelice, from Ernani, and the Dio dei! From Faust, the latter especially being dramatically rendered. His other songs were Hybris the Cretan and the well known In Cellar Cool. Mrs. Caldwell assisted and gave an excellent rendering of the Queen of the Night aria from the Magic Flute. Her high staccato notes were beautifully sure and correct. She also gave a pathetic rendering of the Rainy Day, and by special request sang her ever welcome Cuckoo Song.

Miss Janes assisted by the rendition of three piano solos. This young lady is a decided acquisition to the ranks of amateur pianists in Toronto, bringing as she does a very thorough European training which, added to a good grounding in Toronto, with extremely good natural inclination and refined taste, make her a very agreeable executant. She has a fine warm tone and great executive facility. She played Mendelssohn's Scherzo a Capriccio, Liszt's Au Lac de Wallenstadt of the Annes de Pelerinage, and an Eude de Raff. I was particularly pleased with her playing of the Liszt number, its bright, joyous sentiment being excellently interpreted. Mr. T. D. Beddoes was in fine voice and gave very tasty renditions of My All and My Pretty Jane. The thunderous Suoni la Tromba duett from I. Puritani sung by Mr. Schuch and Signor Delasco, gave a fitting climax to the programme. The audience had occasion to be grateful to Mrs. H. M. Blight for her excellent accompaniments.

On Saturday evening the friends of the Conservatory of Music were entertained by a piano recital at the hands of Mr. W. H. Sherwood, now of Chicago. Mr. Sherwood had traveled on Friday night, examined the piano pupils of the Conservatory on Saturday, and then played a long and taxing programme on Saturday evening, yet he pleased me better in spite of all these drawbacks than on previous occasions. His playing is eccentric as is also his reading of his composers, being I fancy somewhat influenced by a small hand, yet he struck me as being less fantastic than on former occasions. In the more trifling pieces he was elegant and dainty to an extreme, yet avoided effeminacy. His touch was round and warm while not devoid of delicacy and great refinement. He gave a very artistic rendering of the Beethoven Sonata in E flat, op. 31, No. 2, which was followed by a long procession of programme pieces. I liked his Schubert Lied Soiree de Vienne and Liszt's Gaemereigen. He closed with Liszt's second Rhapsodie, which despite his fatigue he played with great effect. Some vocal numbers were excellently rendered by pupils of Signor D'Auria. Miss Clara Code's pretty voice showed well in Casta Diva, and the duett Here All Night received a very careful rendition from Miss Eva N. Roblin and Mr. W. Robinson. Mr. D. Edwards Clarke sang Toatl's Good Bye very well, and it did my heart good to hear the old song once more.

On Monday evening I dropped into St. Paul's Hall on Power street to hear the combined Catholic choirs under Mr. G. E. Braine. While the number of choristers was sufficiently small to suggest a judicious wedding, I could not help being struck by the splendid tone of the voices, and by their very good balance in parts. Mr. Braine's people sang well with precision and crispness, and were most creditable to him. So many changes were made in the programme, announcement of which I did not hear, that I quite despair of giving an adequate account of a very interesting concert. I was struck by the fine basso cantante voice of Mr. J. Costello, and by the very rich soprano voice of Miss Mabel Glover, a girl in her teens. She has a voice that possesses great possibilities if properly trained, a treatment that should not be neglected much longer.

On Tuesday evening Association Hall was filled to the doors with an audience that had gathered to attend the public concert of the pupils of the Conservatory. A very satisfactory degree of proficiency was shown by these young ladies and gentlemen, whose performances were very gratifying to their friends and creditable to their teachers. The following programme was performed:

Organ, Grand Chœur, Guilmain, Miss Lissle

J. Schooley; piano, Rondo Brillante, Weber, Miss Alice Coles; vocal, Love the Pilgrim, Blumenthal, Miss Sophie Foad; piano, La Bella Capricciosa, Hummel, Miss Frances S. Morris; vocal, Across the Far Blue Hills Marie, Blumenthal, Miss Annie Hawkins; piano, Concerto, D Major (1st movement), Mozart, Miss Amy M. Grahame, orchestral accompaniment, 2d piano, Mr. J. D. Trapp, A.T.C.M., and Conservatory String Quartette, Messrs. J. Bayley, 1st violin, F. Napolitano, 2d violin, F. D'Auria, viola, Giuseppe Dineilli, cello; vocal, Across the Far Blue Hills Marie, Blumenthal, Miss Annie Hawkins; piano, Fantaisie Impromptu, Chopin, Miss Flora Boyd; elocution, The Whistling Regiment, Harvey, Miss Eva May; piano, Capriccio Brillante, Mendelssohn, Miss Jessie Bustin, orchestral accompaniment, 2d piano, Miss Eleanor Milliken, and Conservatory Quartette Club; vocal, Leonora (Boleto), Trotter, Mr. Frank Barber; piano, Tarantelle, op. 43, Chopin, Miss Mildred Beck; vocal, More Regal in His Low Estate (La Reine de Saba), Gounod, Miss Annie Rose; piano, Cauchouche Caprice, Raff, Miss Charlotte Smyth; vocal, Sing, Smile, Slumber, Gounod, Miss Frances S. Morris; piano, 2d ballade, op. 47, Chopin, Miss Maude Hirschfelder; vocal, Oh, Fatal Gift (Don Carlos), Verdi, Miss Susie Hermon; organ, offertoire, F minor (St. Cecilia), Batiste, Mr. J. Meredith McKim.

The summer exodus has begun. Last Saturday day Mr. F. H. Torrington and Mr. A. S. Vogt started off on a pilgrimage to Bayreuth, where they will hear some Wagner operas at the master intended they should be heard. They will be joined by Mr. W. Edgar Buck. Mrs. Drechsler-Adams also has gone to Europe, and other departures are imminent.

I have received a programme of the closing exercises at the Brantford Ladies' College, which have occupied several days. There has been a great deal of music at these festivities, and the plentiful exhibition of our art and the excellence of its details reflected great credit upon Mr. G. H. Fairclough, who is the musical director of the college, and upon Miss Marie C. Strong, who is the vocal preceptor.

The Mozart Quartette Club, comprising Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, Frau Dunbar-Morawetz, Mr. Harold Jarvis and Mr. E. W. Schuch, closed very successful first season at Orrilla on Tuesday evening last. Though only organized a few months it speedily sprang into public favor and has filled sixteen important engagements in the city and elsewhere. Its reputation has grown to such an extent that it has already several engagements booked for September and October, among the latter being one at the Capital. The acceptance by Mr. Jarvis of a choir engagement in Detroit will not prevent his participation in the work of the Mozart Quartette, as he will make frequent visits to Toronto for rehearsal and concert.

On Monday evening, Herr Ernst Dering, a violoncello soloist, at present resident in Halifax, N.S., will give a recital in the Hall of the College of Music, assisted by his wife, Frau Marianne Dering-Brauer, a pianist of note. The gentleman pursued his studies with great success at Leipzig, having the highest testimonials from the dignitaries of the conservatory of that city. Madame Dering is equally well recommended from Berlin. Both artists have made successful journeys through Germany, Holland, Poland and Russia.

Mrs. Clara E. Shilton, the popular soprano of the Mozart Quartette, has just returned from Chicago, where she was engaged to sing on Sunday, June 21, for Rev. Dr. Thomas' (Presbyterian) congregation. Mrs. Shilton's singing was received with great pleasure, the members of the music committee being most generous and hearty in their expressions of praise and satisfaction. The services are now closed until September, and Mrs. Shilton has already been engaged to sing again during that month. The position of solo soprano in this congregation is one that is much sought after, the last incumbent having been Mrs. Moran Wyman, so well and favorably known here.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

STUDY OF the unconscious actions of animals is advised in the "memories" of Ellen Terry, printed last week. Mr. J. M. Barric, however, relates an instance when this advice was followed with unhappy results. He tells it as follows:

This odd story was told me in the smoking-room of the Gar-

fick Theatre on the first night of Lady Bountiful, the narrator being a dramatist only less popular than Mr. Pinero himself. We had been talking of the nervousness of some authors during the first performance of their plays.

"The dramatists of the past were less afraid of their public's verdict," said one of the company. "Was it not Charles Lamb who blantly joined in the hissing of his own piece?"

"That is told of him," the dramatist answered, "though I have often wondered whether he hissed very loudly. Besides, in those days the author got little for his play, while nowadays it is worth a fortune or nothing."

"Are you nervous on a first night?" someone asked him.

"Yes, my first nights are a trial to me nowadays," the playwright answered very gloomily. "Yet there was a time when I took them calmly."

"How curious," remarked someone, "that nervousness should have come with experience."

"It is not so much nervousness," replied the playwright, "as a detectable self-consciousness. I have lost faith in my work, or rather in my own judgment of it. Formerly I knew if a speech or a situation would be effective, but now I can never feel certain that my best things will not be received with derision."

"How do you account for the change?" "It all came about through my going into the country to write a play. I have never been the same man since. I left the farm house, where I had gone for quietness, without writing the play; but the proud brat had already worked his mischief on me. I see him at this moment, I dream about him, I am always hearing him."

"What proud brat?"

"It was a fowl, a little bantam cock, that I encountered fifty times a day. Until that fowl came into my life (and marred it) I never knew what pride was. Until it took to eying me sideways I never realized what is meant by the scorn of scorn. Until it stood determinedly in my way I never felt fear. Until it strutted by me I never really knew that I was a thing of no consequence. Until it crowded at me I never felt that I was found out and despised. I assure you, that exasperating fowl had an effect on my health as well as on my work."

"Never mind your health. How did it affect your work?"

"Disastrously. You know that scene in domestic drama where—"

"But what domestic drama?"

"Oh, in all domestic dramas, where the smooth villain, after being spurned by the heroine, shows himself in his true colors, and is repulsed by her with the haughty words, 'Ah, now I know you! Stand back, and let me pass!' Well, that was a situation I used to come out strong in—I always knew it would go. But the hateful fowl has altered all that. On a first night I sit in my box in anguish, feeling that the situation will be laughed at. You see it all depends on the actress's capacity for drawing herself up and looking very haughty. But haughtiness at once brings that bantam before my eyes. No woman, however great a genius she may be, can draw herself up quite so proudly as that fowl did, and while she is drawing herself up I see not her, but it. I tremble lest the audience remembers the fowl again."

"In the next scene," continued the unfortunate playwright, "the heroine is usually shown in poor lodgings. The machinations of the villain have sent the hero, her husband, to jail, or to the wars, and the villain reappears to press his suit. She has her little child with her; and the child, refusing to favor his friendly advances, runs to her mother. I used to have absolute faith in that scene, but a cold sweat breaks out on me now when the curtain rises on it."

"The bantam again?"

"Yes, the bantam! At the farm I soon despaired of getting round the brute itself, but I tried to make friends of some chickens by flinging them crumbs. Instead of accepting the crumbs they fluttered their wings and ran to the bantam, which stood in the middle of them, looking at me precisely as the young mother in the domestic drama looks at the villain. The stage direction for the lady is 'Regard him with the air of a queen,' and the air of a queen is very much the air of a king, which, again, is a mere copy from the air of a bantam cock. In the play the foiled villain retires grinding his teeth, just as I used to retire from the presence of that fowl. When the villain reaches down he turns round to say something blood-curdling, and the lady answers him with a look of contempt. It was with such threats that I left the bantam, with such contempt that he received them. Then take the last scene in the play. It is a room, there is a door—center, as we say technically; and if it is an open-air scene there is a rustic gate, center. The crushed villain falls back down stage, when a policeman enters L. E. I. E. in time to slip the handcuffs on him. There is not safer ending to a domestic drama than that, and if what preceded had given satisfaction I used to feel that all was well. But it is an agonizing scene to me now. There was a gate in the farmyard, where I constantly met the bantam. For the moment I had forgotten the brute. I was off to fish, full of hope and merriment, when suddenly there was that fowl eying me, just as the hero eyes the villain. I can assure you that no villain on the stage falls back from virtue more precipitately than I retreated from the bantam. How can I sit composedly through the first night of my plays when it seems to me that at the end of every dramatic speech and in the middle of every situation I hear cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The numerous friends in Canada of Mr. Franklin McLeay will be pleased to hear that he is making rapid advancement in Wilson Barrett's company. He is still in London and enjoys English life very much, and his health is much improved. The leading lady of the company is a countess, and as Mr. Barrett is an English favorite his company frequently plays before royalty, and lately he dined with the Prince of Wales. The London papers give Mr. McLeay very flattering notices, and bespeak for him a brilliant future.

Art and Artists.

Mr. A. H. Howard, R. C. A., has completed the decoration of the resolution of condolence passed by the Board of Trade on the death of Sir John A. Macdonald. The resolution in this form will be presented to Lady Macdonald. The decoration is, of course, in subdued colors and is on five gray boards, and these are beautifully bound in purple morocco. On the first page are the words "In Memoriam" and "Obit, June 6, 1891" with an appropriate quotation from Tennyson and beautiful decorations. The second page contains the seal of the Board of Trade with floral designs. The three following pages embody the resolution itself, with the signatures of president and secretary. The whole is one of the most beautiful works that Mr. Howard has ever turned out. Mr. Howard is now at work on a resolution for the City Council on a still more elaborate scale, which will be described in this column on its completion.

The Art Schools' Exhibition at the Educational Department last week was very full and interesting. Work was exhibited coming from all parts of the province, and good work came even from so far away as Portage la Prairie, Man.

CHAD.

The Astronomer.

For Saturday Night.

I had fail'd to catch the value of the large rewards of time
Or to understand the workings of a purpose all sublime;
And my heart was sore and sorrow'd by the losing of a
light

I had fought through many a feverish hour in the hot and
restless night,

Following the couring planets, seeking for some hidden
treasure

GENTLEMAN JACK

AN IDYL OF FORTY WINKS.

By LADY DUFFUS HARDY

Author of "A Dangerous Experiment," Etc., Etc., Etc.

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LADY DUFFUS HARDY.

The November sun was settling in gorgeous splendor on the heights of the Sierras, filling the sky with flags of gold and crimson, melting and mingling with a mass of amethyst and green. Its level rays dazzled the eyes of the one human atom in the shape of a man who was slowly making his way down the zigzag path that ran along the mountain side. There was no other sign of life anywhere to be seen. He and his hungry-looking horse had been pushing on steadily all the day, trying to reach Forty Winks before nightfall. He gave up the hope of doing that now, as he came slowly and more slowly down. He watched the squirrels running up the fir trees, and the birds flying low with little terrified cries, fluttering to find shelter somewhere from the storm which, with more than human instinct, they knew was coming.

He reined up as much to give his poor brute a rest as to gather his own thoughts, take a look around, and decide what he should do—whether he should try to find some nook or some hollow tree to shelter in till morning, or push on. The idea of spending the night in these desolate regions was not a pleasant one. He looked round upon the magnificent solitude, the shades of evening falling fast spread over all sides of him. He fancied he might perhaps find in this stronghold of nature some feature, some voice to guide him. Before him stretched the Sierras, with their crown of eternal snow, rising peak upon peak till they seemed to prick the sky. The long range of foot-hills was clothed with dark fir and pine trees, that stood stiff and straight like an army of plumed warriors, with grounded arms, waiting till the tempest signalled them to storm the heights above. Nearer still the mountains rose up in huge battlemented walls, black with sombre woods and forests, scarred with gulch and canyon as by sabre-cuts of time. The grandeur of nature towering in eternal strength seemed to crush him with a sense of his own littleness, of the littleness of the whole race of man. It seemed as though the tiny breath of human life was a mere puff in this world of everlasting wonders.

The crisp air was rushing down the mountains, blustering through gorge and canyon, howling in his ear to "hurry on or he would be seized in their windy arms and lost." He shivered and drew his wraps closer round him, and urged on his stumbling beast, encouraging it with cheering words which it understood well enough, for it put on a spurt and dragged its tottering limbs onward. He knew the certain regions very well, though he had never been in these parts before; yet he fully realized the dangers that encompassed him, and the idea of being lost in these wilds was terrible to contemplate.

The sky grew suddenly overcast; and clouds, heavy and gray, in leaden masses, gathered and floated where the sun had so lately set. Still in the dusky light that remained he could see the track, but he could see nothing else, knew nothing of where it led. He glanced anxiously round, and on turning a sudden curve he saw the glimmer of a light high up on the mountain side. It seemed not so very far away; but distances in these latitudes are so deceiving. Cautionily he made his way towards it; one moment he lost it, then again it came in sight. He had not gone very far when he received a sudden check; something, he could not see what, seemed to emerge out of the mist, and clung to his bridle and turned the horse aside. At the same moment he blessed God. He heard the sound of a human voice.

"In another minit you'd a bin down that!" He sprang from his horse, flung the reins over his arm, and peered forward into a yawning gulf, with rugged sides and a rushing torrent sweeping among a mass of sharp-pointed boulders below. Truly in another moment he'd "bin that," and most likely have stand.

He, the brave man, would not have shirked a fair fight with man or beast—but from such a fate as this he had escaped—he shuddered and turned to thank the voice that had saved him. He could only distinguish the form, not the face, but he knew it was a woman. In a few brief forcible words he thanked her and explained that he had lost his way.

"Whar was you going to?" she asked with an informality natural to the occasion.

"Well," he answered, "I wanted to get on to Forty Winks."

"Couldn't ha' fetched that no ways to-night," replied the voice, "beat come along o' me. I'll lead the hoss, youoller."

At the word she whipped the reins from his arm and went swiftly on, never hesitating for a moment, though the path seemed to him difficult and dangerous as he stumbled slowly over the stony way after her, wondering what a woman could be doing alone and at night in this desolation.

Up—up they climbed, till on turning a jutting point, they stood in the open doorway of a log-cabin. A fire of pine logs was burning on the hearth, illuminating the interior with its cheerful light. A rough pine table stood in the center, laid with preparations for supper for two. A savory smell was emanating from the other side of a bunk covered with a patched counterpane—there was the remnant of a carpet on the floor, a comfortable-looking easy chair stood by the fireside, and a few three-legged stools for general accommodation were scattered about.

"You'll hev to stay till mornin'," she said, jerking her head as though motioning him to enter. "Go in. I'll be back soon 'ex I've seen to the hoss." But he did not go in; he wouldn't leave his mare to anybody's care; he followed to a sort of outhouse, or shed a few yards off and helped the girl to make the poor tired beast a bed of straw, and after giving her a warm bran-mash and seeing that her other wants were well supplied, they returned to the cabin, and then for the first time looked each other in the face.

He was not sure whether the small elfish creature was a child or a full-grown girl-woman. She was small and slight, with a head of flame-colored hair, a thick wavy mass that would not be coaxed to lie straight—it surrounded the small pale face like a halo; she

had no features to speak of, a mere apology for a nose, and a rosy red, innocent-looking mouth; the face, insignificant and characterless in itself, was lighted by a pair of large brilliant dark eyes, which took possession of the entire face, and clothed it with their own beauty; they were full of the talent, power and strength of an undeveloped soul. He was a broad-shouldered, wide-chested man, with curly hair, a bearded face, and a pair of kind blue eyes. She thought he was goodly to look on.

"What's yer name?" she inquired curiously. "John Foster," he answered promptly, "and yours?"

"Em," she replied, then added quickly, "but laws, you do look skeered!" Coming suddenly in out of the bitter cold into warmth and light, made him feel giddy, more especially as he was faint from hunger, having struggled through the day's exertions without eating.

"I'll git ya a drop of father's stuff afore I go," she added, passing over a glass of whisky, and thrusting a lump of bread in his hand. "We'll hev supper when I come back."

"Then you don't live here alone," he said, momentarily refreshed.

"Me and father lives here," she answered gravely. "I was goin' to meet him when I come upon you." She threw a scariest plaid shawl over her head, and was flying through the door, when he stopped her, saying:

"My dear child, surely you are not going out again on such a night as this! Can't your father come home alone?"

She pursed up her lips and shook her head shrewdly.

"I'll go to meet him comin' up from the Gold Gulch—yer see," she added confidently, "since he hed the jumps last time and fell down the canyon, when his arm got friz and the doctor came from Frisco and cut it off, he bin quite himself and I'm afraid for him, for when he takes anythin' 'cep' water, and he don't take much o' that, it flies to his feet and he gets on steady; that's why I go to fetch him through the orkardest part o' the way." He noticed what a well shaped hand she had, and taking that grimy member in his, he said:

"What pretty hands you've got, Em! It is a pity you don't keep them clean." She seemed struck by the novel idea.

"Father likes dirty hands, so does Dave; they call white hands 'flinicky,' and I don't want to be flinicky."

"Who is Dave?" asked John.

"Oh, he's one of the boys," she answered, "him that gave me the parrot, and this warn shawl over he brought me the last time he went to Frisco. John Foster became immediately interested in Dave."

In the course of a few days, though mountain gulch and canyon were still covered with snow, the weather was sufficiently propitious for them to start on their journey.

Forty Winks was quite a place—a city they called it—there were a few score of huts occupied by sturdy miners of all sorts and degrees, with a dazed feeling clinging about his brain, he sat down to watch and wait, wondering what sort of a welcome he should receive from the "onsteady one." Whilst sitting silently there he was startled by an unearthly shriek of fandish glee, and a voice screamed at him "Good-bye! ain't you going away?" Glancing through the open door of the adjoining room was a gray parrot, who screamed with delight at the momentary mystification of the stranger.

He remained as much to give his poor brute a rest as to gather his own thoughts, take a look around, and decide what he should do—whether he should try to find some nook or some hollow tree to shelter in till morning, or push on. The idea of spending the night in these desolate regions was not a pleasant one. He looked round upon the magnificent solitude, the shades of evening falling fast spread over all sides of him. He fancied he might perhaps find in this stronghold of nature some feature, some voice to guide him. Before him stretched the Sierras, with their crown of eternal snow, rising peak upon peak till they seemed to prick the sky. The long range of foot-hills was clothed with dark fir and pine trees, that stood stiff and straight like an army of plumed warriors, with grounded arms, waiting till the tempest signalled them to storm the heights above.

He and his father duly returned. He was a stumpy man with a shrewd face and cunning gray eyes; his hair stood up like the bristles of a well worn scrubbing brush, and he had a stubby beard to match. Em had evidently explained matters, for he ducked his head in recognition of the stranger as he lurched into the room, which salutation John Foster acknowledged by gripping the grimy hand, and explaining how he had been lost but for Em's assistance. Mr. Birch, or "Joey," as he was commonly called, cast a suspicious glance at his visitor, saying:

"Things is rather rough up 'yer—we ain't used to havin' much company."

"He isn't company, father. I brought him up 'cos he'd lost his way. I telled ye that afore," said Em, rather reproachfully.

"'Papse he'll be flidin' o' to morror," said Joey, stroking his stubby beard reflectively—perplexed between his desire to be hospitable and anxiety to be rid of his enforced guest—adding, "most folks goes on to the Winks."

"That's where I's bound," replied John Foster.

"Suppose you know the place? Is there much goin' on there?"

"D'spends on wher yer call much—if a diggin' and a-diggin' and finding nuttin', or just a scrapin' enough together ter feed a dead dog—yer call that much—there's plenty goin' on."

"Other folks finds gold, though father don't," explained Em, "cos he will stick to the old claim when everything's bin took out o' it."

"Gells don't understand things—they can't be expected to," said Joey, jerking his head as though to close the subject.

While Em was busy getting the supper ready, Joey proceeded to enlighten John Foster's mind in reference to affairs at Forty Winks and explained why it was so called.

"The man ex first prospected in these parts made out thur wuz gold—that—and he worked till he found it. Night an' day he worked takin' his sleep by instalments, forty winks at a time—he never took a night's rest reglar as man do when they're tired and worn out, never nothin' 'n forty winks, and them he was fond of indulgin' in. Well, one night he took 'em too strong—his kin wuz too fat for whisky, he was carryin' a gun in the hollow pocket, picked into a pillow an' coverin' himself with his shovel, and havin' made himself comfortable he's takin' 'em still—the snow come down and many days afterwards there was found a human stalactite in the shape of a man covered w' snow and ice—that wuz him! He'd winked himself out o' the world—an' the place he bin called Forty Winks ever since. It's well populated now, there's bars, and dancin' and singin' and keeards too—poker's a fine game for them ex likes to take a hand," he added suggestively, glancing furtively at Em, who stood behind shaking her head violently.

"We don't hev no pokerin' here, father," she said; "besides, supper's ready now—all pipin' hot."

Their voracious appetites soon demolished all that was set on the table. Em cleared away, and then set out a black bottle with its accompaniments.

"I'm going to bed now, father," she said, as she buried her fair young face in his stubby beard and hugged him like a young bear, and then disappeared.

John Foster made some appreciative remark about Em, said what a wonderful little woman she was. Something he said sympathetically of her lonely position, and inquired, "Was it long since the lad lost her mother?" On this John drew up.

"Now, look yer, we don't hev people pryn' around askin' questions abut geil's mother an' family affairs generally. When they do interfere that way they're apt ter get shot."

John Foster had no idea that Em's mother was a sore point with Mr. Birch, and apologized for his untimely observation, which so mortified his host that he set down his empty glass upon the table and shunted the conversation Pointing to the bunk, he said:

"You kin turn in thar. I shall lie down an' sleep afore the fire. I like it better'n a bed." He wrapped a rug round him and was soon snoring loud enough to blow the roof off the cabin.

When they opened the door in the morning the ground was covered with snow. It had fallen noiselessly all the night and spread its white mantle everywhere, clothing the tall trees with a fairy fret work of ice and snow—the noisy voice of the river below was smoothed in its frosty embrace. The strong mountain stream came creeping slowly and more slowly down; most human-like, it foamed and fretted, till scarcely a trickle stirred beneath

its snowy shroud, and it lay stiff and dead. The sun blazed down upon the wintry scene, and as by magic the snow and ice became transfigured into a world of dazzling beauty—a world of diamonds sparkling in the sun's rays—the delicate that filled the world with light, but sent not a ray of warmth to Nature's shivering heart. On first looking out from the cabin door, they saw there would be no journeying down to Forty Winks that day, nor for many days to come, unless there was a great change; but there was no fear of starvation, the cabin was well provisioned for such an emergency, and there was plenty of work to do; Joey was busy getting his animals in from the snowy heights above, fetching and chopping wood, varying his employment by occasional applications to the black bottle; a proceeding which Em tried to screen from John Foster's eyes.

"See how clever father is! he kin do as much work with his hook as many can do with their right hand."

Admiration for this parental prodigy was little Em's weakness; she was never tired of extolling upon his invisible virtue, of which no one but herself got the faintest glimpse. She regarded him always through the magnifying power of her own strong affections. Her loving devotion to this rugged old father was beautiful to see—she was quite unconscious of her own self-sacrifice and fancied she took everything for granted, never realizing how much she guided and cared for him instead of his guiding and caring for her. John Foster and Em got on terms of mutual confidence. She told him all there was to tell of her lonely young life, and became inquisitorial on the subject of his.

"I couldn't be dull when father's at home," she said simply, "and when he's away I've got to think of fetchin' him home at night—and ah, there's heaps o' things to do and to see. The squirrels and the birds swoop down here to be fed; then there's the train—it comes every evening over the ridge there. It's miles away, but I kin see the smoke, and at dark it looks like a fiery serpent creepin' along the mountain side. It's quite lively up here when you're used to it." As she pointed over the hills he noticed what a well shaped hand she had, and taking that grimy member in his, he said:

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time in words. Em'had evidently started to meet her father, and got lost in the storm. They organized themselves into search parties, and went out to find her. It is no easy task to conduct a search among the snowy mountains. The yawning chasms and steep wide canyons might hide an army in their frozen embrace, and the search for the lost girl was full of difficulty.

Through the long night they searched in vain, but in the gray dawn of morning they came upon a drift outlining a human figure. Reverently they released it from its icy bonds. There, indeed, was little Em, her shawl drawn over her head, her frozen eyes filled with the fast light of filial devotion, looking upwards as though to watch her own soul on its flight. She had missed her earthly parent—but her Heavenly Father had reached down and taken his tired child home.

THE END.

Just a Few Seconds and We Will Tell You How to Save a Few Dollars Travelling to New York.

Nothing will suit a traveller better than to show him how he can save time and money and have solid comfort and travel by a first-class line. We are pleased to say the Erie Railway have done more to build up the train and Pullman service than any other eastern road. They are the first road that ever ran a sleeper from Toronto to New York, which we hope the public will remember when they purchase their tickets via this picture route. You can also have a beautiful sail across the lake by the staunch steamer Empress of India, which leaves Geddes' wharf at 3:40 p.m. daily, except Sundays, connecting with the Erie Railway solid train from Port Dalhousie, costing only \$2.40; Toronto to New York, round trip, \$18.20. You can also leave via Grand Trunk at 1:10 p.m., 4:55 p.m. and 11 p.m. On the 4:55 p.m. train the Erie runs a handsome vestibule Pullman sleeper, Toronto to New York. Dining cars attached to all trains for meals. For tickets and full information apply to agents Empress of India and Grand Trunk, S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street East, Toronto.

An Experiment in Magic.

"If I were in your place, I would not go," advised a friend to whom I had announced my intention of visiting Mme. de Strang, a fortune teller whose strangely worded advertisement had roused my curiosity.

"And why not?" I asked.

"Because," he returned, thoughtfully, "from what I have heard about her, I am sure that her exhibitions and so-called revelations are simply the results of skilful legerdemain designed to appeal to the superstitious in our natures. We all are sufficiently superstitious, why should we seek to be more so!"

I laughed. "Johnson," I said, "do I look like a superstitious man?"

"You are enough so to want to attend one of this woman's seances, or whatever she calls them. I have not the least interest in her."

"No, you are so superstitious that you are afraid to go," I replied, jestingly.

I set out that bright afternoon alone. The address I had written down led me to a tall, red-fronted brick building in a squared street in the northern part of the city. The locality was something like inviting. I went up the steps to the stoop and pulled at the bell. I waited for a ring but no sound came from within. The door opened suddenly. A little, brown-faced man with repulsive features and a head shaped like a key-stone, stood bowing in the dark hall. He motioned me rather impatiently to enter, saying, in broken English: "You must not stand there, the door will close."

I stepped inside and the door instantly shut without a particle of sound, making the hall so dark that I could not see an inch before my eyes. It was as silent as a grave, not a sound came in from the street, which was roaring with traffic and vehicles.

"Well?" said the man, half interrogatively, and from his voice I knew he was near me.

I replied that I had come to consult Mme. de Strang.

"You cannot see her now," he replied in a very low tone; "she is busy."

"I will go then and come back again," I said, conscious of a certain feeling of relief, and a desire to reach the light. To my surprise he did not reply. I waited a moment, and, stepping backward, put out my hand to the door. A cold thrill of horror quivered over me. There was no knob, latch, or key-hole, and I felt the soft padding into which the door closed to keep out sound. I heard him laugh softly.

"Wait!" the attendant said, peremptorily, and my blood turned cold as I heard quickly breathing from the other as he passed me. "The door can not be unlocked here," he said, and I could see his eyes in the darkness, like coals of fire; "madame opens and closes it by electricity in her apartment. You will have to wait—it is the rule."

I started in protest, but he went away. I could hear his hand silencing against the wall far down the long hall. I felt a settee behind me, and sank into it, ashamed of a sickening weakness that was stabbing over me. I was alone several minutes. Presently I heard his voice. He was leading some one toward the door—some one who was walking unsteadily and leaned against the wall once or twice.

"Wait!" the attendant said, peremptorily,

and my blood turned cold as I heard quickly breathing from the other as he passed me.

The door, as if of its own accord, opened. A blast of yellow light and sound entered. I caught sight of the young man's face; it was as white as a corpse. I sprang to my feet to follow him, but the door closed in my face. Dead silence again, darkness that could be felt.

"I will return for you in a moment," said the unseen attendant indifferently, and again he went from me, trailing his hand in that ghostly way along the wall. Then I essayed to fight down my fears. I tried to convince myself that the pallor and apparent weakness of the young man who had passed me were designed to frighten and unfix me for the forthcoming interview. I laughed, but it only intensified my terror. Have you ever been where dead silence and awful darkness made occasional sound terrifying? I quaked at the thought of my soul at the echoing of my ghostly laugh. It seemed to go up, to come down, to traverse the long hall and bound from side to side, growing weaker and weaker. It seemed to be my own soul trying to desert me in the horrible darkness, trying to leave my material self in its hunger for light and freedom.

I sprang toward the attendant when I heard him returning. I wanted to take him in my terrified embrace, and plead with him to open the door, but my pride prevented it. He led me down the black hall and into a still darker apartment, the carpet of which felt as soft and uncertain under my feet as a pillow of down, and gently pushed me into a chair with his hands on my shoulders. Then, with his lips to my ear, he whispered:

"Sit perfectly still; do not stir under any circumstances till madame speaks to you, and keep your eyes in front of you, for it is there you will see her."

I heard him leaving. Again that weird trailing of his hand along the wall till the sound died out. Then out of the curtain of darkness before my eyes sprang what appeared to be a dazzling star. It was a larger star, a many-pointed star, its brilliancy painted my eyes like looking at the sun. I closed my eyes, and saw that it had cast a round, bright spot about six inches in diameter on the black carpet, about a yard from my feet. I could not take my eyes from it. It fascinated me for several minutes; then every particle of blood in my veins ceased to flow, for I discovered that it was slowly moving toward me. I tried to rise, to scream, but was powerless. It reached my feet and slowly climbed my legs and then my body. When it was traversing my breast I felt as if its weight would crush me to death. Presently it encircled my face. I was blinded for an instant, then sprang to my feet. As I did so it fell and

ran in a wavering way across the floor and vanished.

"Be still!" a musical voice cautioned. I looked in front of me. The darkness was beginning to grow lighter, as a dark night melts at the approach of dawn. At first it was gray, then it took on a reddish tinge veiled with a mist of gold. The effect was strangely soothing. I almost forgot my terror in the pleasurable sensation of wonder that came over me. The scene was constantly changing. Out of the pink-and-golden glory came the most beautiful creature I had ever seen. She was reclining on a couch as if asleep. I was in total darkness; there was no light save a rose-haze that surrounded her. She opened the most wonderful eyes I had ever seen, and smiled.

"You desired to consult me?" she half-querited.

I could not speak.

"Never mind," she said; "you are excited. They all are—it is only natural."

She raised her shapely bare arm and made a graceful gesture, and, at that moment, I heard sweet music as delicate as that of an Aeolian harp. So soft and low was it, that if the place had not been as still as a tomb, it would not have reached my ears.

"I can show you two things only about your physical being—with the spiritual I have nothing to do," she continued, in tones that blended sympathetically with the music. "If you desire, I can show you some—one only—one of your ancestors as they appeared a century or more ago. I can also cause you to see yourself in the future. I can not say under what conditions, for I know nothing till the picture appears. Some see themselves in old age, alive and happy; others are present at their own funerals. In the latter contingency, you would see yourself surrounded by those who will be with you at death. You must be your own judge as to whether you see these things, I examined your face before I admitted you. I judge that you are mentally and physically well, but I may show you; indeed, you are much calmer now than a few moments since."

I tried to smile, but my face felt hard and stiff. "Yes," I said, and my voice sounded so harsh and guttural in the musical atmosphere that I did not finish what I had started to say.

"I understand," she said; "well, look to your right."

I turned in the direction her eyes had taken, and she went on:

"There appears to be a curtain there, but it is only darkness; in a moment it will be gone."

Again I witnessed that wonderful melting of darkness into light, and when the pink-and-golden haze had vanished, I saw an old-fashioned room, having a wide fireplace, polished floor, and antiquated furniture. I could even see the sunlight as it entered a small paned window and lay diagonally on the floor, and through an open door I caught a glimpse of a flower garden, a grassy lawn dotted with fruit trees and grape arbors. Up a long walk an old man was approaching. He wore a three-cornered hat, knickerbockers, low shoes with silver buckles and a blue coat decorated with lace. He entered the door as I stood by the window, wiping his heated brow with a handkerchief. He looked like a picture of my great-grandfather, which I remembered having seen when I was a child.

"You may not be able to note it," went on the beautiful woman, "but there is a marked resemblance between yourself and this man. Note the shape of his brow, his hands, the color of his eyes, his posture. I gazed so steadily that a mist seemed to fall before my sight. The sunlight left the window; a cloud seemed to have swept over the garden that could still see through the door; the clouds grew gray and then was swallowed up by the darkness that streamed into it. The rose light drew my eyes for relief to the woman on the couch.

"That is all I can show you of the past," she said, sweetly; "but if you will look back again, you will see something of your future. Remember, however, that you must be courageous. As the two most important events in life are marriage and death, you will be apt to see something of one or the other as regards your own future."

I could not follow her eyes as I had before. I felt faint with horror. The dense blackness behind me seemed to stretch out a myriad of impalpable arms to draw me into its horrible embrace. Instinctively I shrank toward the woman. I wanted her to stop the strange spell, but she did not look at me, and began to smile placidly.

"You are afraid," she murmured, dreamily; "why need you fear? I would make death more sure to know when and how you will be buried! Would you object to see your marriage ceremony? Women never hesitate—they ask me to hasten. Look!"

I could not obey. I tried to read her face. I half fancied that it grew pale as I felt the blackness behind me dissolve.

"Look," the picture was dawning; "she exclaimed under her breath, as if her whole mind had focused on the scene; "oh, you must see it!" she urged, and her eyes shone with supernatural brightness, her cheeks had become flushed, her red lips parted, and her white teeth reflected the rose light like diamonds. I could not turn; I feared that I was going mad; my frightened soul seemed to be pounding at my brain to escape from its material prison. The musical sound seemed as if it were floating miles away in space and tossed hither and thither by winds. My heart was still. I wondered if I could live through the agony I was suffering. The music died out. I longed for sound. It came; it was the slow tolling of a church bell. Each stroke fell like a sledge-hammer on my heart, and between each stroke there was an age of torture.

"You had better look," said the woman. "It is not so very bad, you will see. I would not have you go away in your present mental condition. After all, to die is but the end of earthly life. Look!"

I felt some one turn me forcibly around. A wide landscape was before my eyes, and oh, how beautiful! Hills and mountains rose in the distance; sunshine fell over it all. Near stood a great church of gray stone. I could see the massive bell swinging to and fro through the lattice of the steeple. A vast crowd was going into the wide door. Carriages and horses dotted the road that led away toward a river in the distance: a hearse, black as ebony, the horses of which were prancing and curving impatiently. Six six-headed men took out the casket and began to bear it toward the church, and the organ within commenced to play dolefully. The old men had the faces of young men I knew—faces altered by age. As they began to ascend the church steps, I saw the white face of the corpse being lowered into the uncovered, flower-strewn glass.

It was my own, but wrinkled with old age and crowned with hair as white as snow. A snowy heap of beard lay upon my breast.

"Do not be grieved," said the fortune-teller;

"yours is the funeral of a very old man. See the date on the new tombstone under the tree in the church-yard."

I looked and saw a white slab near an open grave, and on it was engraved my name and "Died April the First, 1945."

The organ strain died as if the instrument were borne away. The whole became a glorious sunset view. I looked at the rose light; it was fading. I could see only a shadow out-line of the beautiful woman. Presently I was alone in total darkness. Then I felt some one guiding me toward the hall. The door opened and I walked slowly out into the blinding sunlight and the deafening roar of the streets.

WILL N. HARBN.

Good Work.

Mrs. G. M. Young, Sulley St., Grove St., London, Eng., was cured of lumbago by the contents of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, after her case had been given up as hopeless. It has no equal.

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns SATURDAY NIGHT Office.)

Correspondents desiring graphological studies are requested to observe the following rules: 1. Quotations are not studied. 2. Postal cards are not studied. 3. Small clippings from letters are not studied. 4. Only one enclosure can be sent us with each letter. 5. Letters are answered as nearly as possible in the turn. By noticing and adhering to these rules editor and correspondents will be saved a great deal of trouble.

MURKIN.—Quotation is from Goldsmith's *Hermit*.

JOSEPHINE, SORROW, POLLY B.—See rule at head of column.

BENNY SHARPE.—You are hopeful, kind, master of tact and very prone to keep your thoughts to yourself. You can enjoy a joke and wouldn't be too cross if it were on yourself. Your study is so very meagre that I can do but guess.

DIMES.—Writing shows a firm, rather arbitrary and harsh character, persevering, careful and deliberate. The writer is not given to sudden impulse nor careless speech, and lacks sympathy and cordiality; is honest and conscientious, but a little prone to see things as suits his own purposes.

SAXE.—Poetry is not paid for. Am glad your graphological study was successful. Was afraid I might have given you a little dig, but as you forgive me I will quite like getting it. I did not read the proofs in which you might have misinterpreted it, but I did read it with regret. I know how provoking such mistakes are.

FROST.—Writing shows some idealism and nervous force, a good deal of ambition, rather a lively fancy and a trifle of exaggeration, but you are not untruthful nor prone to deceive, rather honest, though not orderly nor systematic. You have a dash of temper and a little perversity.

ANNE.—Writing shows good nature, perseverance, originality, not much sympathy nor tact, but easy to get on with and probably much esteemed. You are truthful and plain spoken, more just than generous, a little severe on those who do wrong, and rather proud of your own rectitude.

SAXE.—Poetry is not paid for. Am glad your graphological study was successful. Was afraid I might have given you a little dig, but as you forgive me I will quite like getting it. I did not read the proofs in which you might have misinterpreted it, but I did read it with regret. I know how provoking such mistakes are.

DANT.—Writing shows great tenacity and determination. You like your own way and you get it pretty often, too. I am not quite sure if always by fair and square means. You are strong in your likes and dislikes, a little prejudiced but loyal to those you love. Your disposition is not sunny nor buoyant, but rather apt to look on the dark side. You are a little stale in your tastes and frank in your speech.

BUNDE.—Writing shows good nature, perseverance, originality, not much sympathy nor tact, but easy to get on with and probably much esteemed. You are truthful and plain spoken, more just than generous, a little severe on those who do wrong, and rather proud of your own rectitude.

OLIVE.—Writing shows a good friend and a good companion. You are a little sly and a little crafty, but probably a good friend and a good companion.

JOHN.—Writing shows some idealism and nervous force, a good deal of ambition, rather a lively fancy and a trifle of exaggeration, but you are not untruthful nor prone to deceive, rather honest, though not orderly nor systematic. You have a dash of temper and a little perversity.

ANNE.—Writing shows some idealism and nervous force, a good deal of ambition, rather a lively fancy and a trifle of exaggeration, but you are not untruthful nor prone to deceive, rather honest, though not orderly nor systematic. You have a dash of temper and a little perversity.

M. E. C.—Writing shows great imagination and energy. The impulse is erratic, but the more good, fondness for fun and love of conversation, some sympathy, tact and kindness, rather a large view and disposition to theorize, and not the necessary steadiness to always carry through your ideas. You are strong in your likes and dislikes, a little prejudiced but loyal to those you love. Your disposition is not sunny nor buoyant, but rather apt to look on the dark side. You are a little stale in your tastes and frank in your speech.

DANTE.—Writing shows great tenacity and determination. You like your own way and you get it pretty often, too. I am not quite sure if always by fair and square means. You are strong in your likes and dislikes, a little prejudiced but loyal to those you love. Your disposition is not sunny nor buoyant, but rather apt to look on the dark side. You are a little stale in your tastes and frank in your speech.

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ANNE.—Writing shows some idealism and nervous force, a good deal

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NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Following closely upon the opening of the Queen's Royal and Chautauqua hotels came the first gay event of the season—a very enjoyable and successful festival, held in the grounds of the Queen's under the management of the Ladies' Aid of St. Andrew's church. Just above the tennis courts and on the level sward facing the lake, gaily decorated booths were dotted here and there among the wide-spreading trees, and fair, merry faces looked bewitchingly over the tables laden with their dainty wares and tempting delicacies. The flower table, standing in the center of the lawn, was particularly pretty. Artistic hand and perfect effect of the rich profusion of beautiful blossoms was added to the table by twining wreaths of roses and marguerites and festooning them from the over-hanging boughs of the tree under which the booth stood. Wreaths also encircled the lower branches, giving it the appearance of a veritable bower of blossoms, from which three or four fresh young faces looked charmingly out. Not many attended during the afternoon, but towards evening and later when lighted Chinese lanterns glimmered from every tree, the scene presented very gay and animated appearance, and the fair waitresses found their duties anything but light. Among those present I noticed: Dr. J. Baldwin, Mrs. H. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Macdougall, the Misses Paillard, Mr. W. and the Misses Geale, Mr. T. and Miss Daisy Ince, Miss M. Morrison, Mr. J. and Miss Lewis, Mr. L. Nelles, Mr. Percy Ball, Miss A. Anderson, Miss Winnie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. Blake, Miss and Miss A. Blake, Mrs. C. Camidge, Mr. Albert Sawin, Mrs. Robert Ball, Mr. Gurney, the Misses Winnett, Miss and Miss A. Baldwin, Miss Touch of Aymer, Mr. G. Shaw, Mrs. Bartholomew, Miss Griffith, Miss L. Purkiss, Rev. N. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter.

Mr. Morgan and family have returned to their cottage, Detalre Lodge, for the summer months. Miss Youell of Aymer and Mr. G. Shaw of Toronto are at present stopping with them.

Mrs. D'Arcy Bouton and her daughters will occupy Mr. D. B. Macdougall's cottage overlooking the lake during the summer.

Among those who have already arrived for the season are Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis of St. Louis, who will as usual occupy their beautiful summer home, Rowanwood; Mr. and Mrs. T. Ince, Dr. and Mrs. G. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Lansing, Mr. E. Syer, Mr. and Mrs.

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Special drive in Silk Stripe Grecian Cloth for Blouses or Gent's Summer Shirts—the price was 75c., what's left go for 50c. next week. You'll remember Monday is Bargain Day. Next Monday will be a very busy one, as we have secured special lines during the week at half regular prices. Read tonight's "News" list.

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Lockhart and family of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Russell, also of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hunter, Mrs. and the Misses Colquhoun. Capt. R. S. Dickson of Galt spent last Saturday with friends in town.

Mr. H. Lansing of Buffalo is spending a few days at Woodlawn, the residence of his father, Mr. Livingston Lansing.

The first hop of the season at the Queen's Hotel was announced for this evening. It is safe to predict that it will be a most delightful affair and will continue to be so during the coming season. It is also rumored that under the new management the Chautauqua season will be much gayer even than last year, the crowning triumph being the announcement of two hops a week.

GALATEA.
The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association (Ltd.) 63 King street west, have recently published a new patriotic song for baritone voice entitled, A British Subject I was Born, A British Subject I will Die, the music and words by Mr. S. T. Church.

Bingham the druggist has struck something entirely new in his Menthol Cologne, and of great importance to tourists and campers, as it is a sure preventative for mosquitoes and flies, also very pleasant to use.

Little Tycoon Polka, arranged by C. Bohner.—Whaley, Royce & Co.

The Strength and their Weakness
The gods may be satisfied with worship
Themselves; not us women.

There is one thing sweeter to a woman than to possess; that is, to be possessed.

It is easier for a woman to say "They people shall be my gods" than "My gods shall be my gods."

If there is anything which a woman is slow to forgive it is a thrust at herself through the objection of her affection.

If a man would know all that a woman may reveal herself to be, he should provide himself with a few determined enemies.

A woman would rather that her life-long happiness be betrayed by a worthy trust than saved through the vigilance of that base detective called suspicion.

Sentiment, a clinging to past forms because they have been sweet, is the strongest thing in the heart of a woman. Strongest because through that she clings longest, and by the rending asunder of these tendrils can be hurt most.

MISS ALEXANDRINA RAMSAY
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SUMMER TERM. Address Office of SATURDAY NIGHT.

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OUR DOORS AT 5 O'CLOCK EACH DAY. Such an event is
a page in the history of the Dry Goods trade. We are determined that this sale will eclipse anything ever attempted, so look out for startlers. Watch the daily papers, and when you see our advertisement read every item.

BEAUTIFUL ALL-WOOL French de Beiges, worth 20c, 25c and 30c. Price for this sale only **10c** **SEASIDE SERGES, a splendid line heavy twill Navy Blue, worth 30c.** Price for this sale only **15c**

VERY HANDSOME large Broken Check Costume Tweeds, worth 20c. Price for this sale only **10c** **DOUBLE WIDTH Navy Blue Boating Serges, a line worth 50c.** Price for this sale only **25c**

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Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)
ense, Mr. and Mrs. A. Reilly of New York, Hon. Justice Irvine and family of Quebec, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Chapleau of Ottawa.

Amongst the latest arrivals at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire, are: Mr. G. A. Gigault of St. Césaire, Viscount de Bouthillier of St. Mothe's, Mr. Lorne Campbell of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Caledon F. Gilder, Miss Gross, Rev. Mr. Wood, Mr. Thomas Hean, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Daiglais, Miss Daiglais, Miss Lily Daiglais, Mr. H. H. Hanshaw, Mr. J. W. Stirling, Mr. C. Garth, Mr. L. Chonillon, Mr. C. A. Chonillon, all of Montreal, Mr. C. Neville of Liverpool, G.B., Mr. W. S. Laing of Iron Mount, Michigan, Mr. John Farrel of Michigan, Mr. George Irvine of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. A. White of Toronto.

A very pleasant outing was the trip to Whitchurch, by special train, on Monday afternoon last, to witness the closing of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitchurch. About four o'clock a musical and elocutionary recital was commenced in the gymnasium, these young ladies taking part: Misses Hamilton, Scholz, Grove, Smith, McAllister, Taylor, Kenny, Shields, Decker, Carson, Moore, Willson, Drew, Tait, Webster, Embree, Whitehead, Burnett, Tuttle, Bowen, Miller and Sparling. At seven p.m. in the gymnasium, before a great audience, these diplomas were conferred: M. L. A., Miss McDonell; M. E. L., Misses Cline and Hansard; instrumental music, Miss Taylor; vocal music, Miss Wilson; elocution, Misses McDowell, Shields, Smith, Tait and Webster; commercial, Miss Sparling. Miss McDonell of Toronto carried off the gold medal given by Mr. George A. Cox, Toronto, for highest standing in M. L. A. course, and Miss Hansard, Mount Albert, won the Governor-General's silver medal in the M. E. L. course. Gold medals were also awarded Miss Taylor of Whitchurch, and Miss Wilson of Washington C. H., Ohio. Silver medals went to Miss Sparling of Whitchurch, Miss Tait of Orillia and Miss Wilson of Washington C. H., Ohio. Prizes were awarded to a large number of students for proficiency, the most startling of all being two given by Principal Hare. These were offered by him to the girl under 16 and the one over 16 who won foot races at the college picnic on May 25. One went to Miss Clara Barrett of Toronto and the other to Miss Annie Acheson of Goderich. Vocal and instrumental music were prettily dropped here and there through the business of the evening, and the closing exercises of June, 1891, were voted by all to be the most successful yet held in the Ontario Ladies' College—which aims to become the greatest Ladies' University in America. The pleasant party of guests who responded to the kind invitation of the college authorities reached Toronto about midnight, thoroughly pleased with the glimpse afforded them of this interesting seat of learning.

Mrs. Keltie of London, Ont., is the guest of Miss E. Mills, 179 Markham street.

Several lady cyclists will take a trip to Hamilton on the 30th to see the parade and meet of the wheelmen on Dominion Day. The secretary has written to Lady Gay a cordial invitation to the Toronto ladies and promises them every attention.

A large number of ladies were present at the Woodbine Driving Club races this week. The splendid arrangements, beautiful condition of the grounds and all the facilities for the enjoyment of the meeting by the fair guests and the members, reflect great credit on Secretary Hill.

A wedding which was especially interesting as being the first to take place in St. Albans Cathedral was that of Mr. A. K. Goodman, a Cayuga barrister, and Miss S. Matthews, daughter of Mr. Matthews of Wychwood Park. Miss Matthews was attended by her sisters, Miss Barbara Matthews, maid of honor, and five bridesmaids, the Misses Alice Matthews, Florence Burnside, Edith Bernard of Niagara, Gertie Marling and Hilda Carter. The bride wore white faille, and carried an artistic bunch of white roses tied with ribbons. The bridesmaids' gowns and hats were French gray. The noble chancel of the cathedral was decorated with banks of flowers. The Bishop of Toronto performed the marriage ceremony. After the reception at Wychwood Park the newly wedded couple went west on a trip up the lakes. They will settle in Cayuga.

The following residents have occupied their cottages in Central Island: The Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. Casimir Gzowski and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffat, Judge and Mrs. Macdougall, Rev. Professor Symonds, Mr. Gordon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Brown.

Mrs. W. Ayer returned to Brighton this week.

A most successful commencement took place at the St. Alban street R. C. College on Tuesday afternoon. The fair graduates acquitted themselves to perfection. I am sorry that space fails me to particularize.

The closing exercises of Miss Veal's school took place on Wednesday evening in the form of an At Home, which was attended by a representative assembly of Toronto's nice people.

The engagement of Mr. John D. Hay of Toronto and Miss Hendrie of Hamilton is announced.

Miss Percival Ridout gave a small tennis party at Rosedale House last Saturday.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith's tennis party last Thursday was largely attended.

The Misses Beatty gave a yachting party on board the Oriole last Tuesday. About sixty ladies and gentlemen were present. Refreshments were served at about nine o'clock. Among some of those present were the Misses Seymour, Mrs. Crowther, the Misses Todd, Miss Thorburn, Miss Fanny Smith, Miss Arthur, Major Harrison, Mr. Mathews, Messrs. McMurray, Ketchum, Evans and others.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BAGLEY.—At Calgary, on June 3, the wife of Staff Sgt. F. A. Bagley, N.W. M.P., of a daughter.
BARK.—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. R. J. Bark—a daughter.
BARK.—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. R. J. Bark—a son.
GODFREY.—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. Arthur F. Godfrey—a son.
GOURLIE.—At Toronto, on June 15, Mrs. H. W. Gourlie—a son.
HEMING.—At Toronto, on June 16, Mrs. Walter G. A. Heming—a son.
HUNTER.—At Toronto, on June 12, Mrs. C. A. Hunter—a daughter.
LANGMUIR.—At Cincinnati, Ohio, on June 15, Mrs. John Langmuir—a son.
MCKAY.—At Toronto Junction, on June 16, Mrs. Wm. J. McKay—a daughter.
STANLEY-CLARKE.—At Toronto, on June 17, Mrs. C. H. Stanley-Clarke—a son.
GATES.—At Toronto, on June 17, Mrs. Wm. Gates—two twin daughters.
LEAN.—At Toronto, on June 18, Mrs. E. C. Lean—a daughter.
FRANKLIN.—At Eastwood, Ont., on June 17, Mrs. G. M. Franklin—a son.
LOVELL.—At Toronto, on June 12, Mrs. J. S. Lovell—a daughter.
BARTHAU.—At Toronto, on June 21, Mrs. P. Barthau—a son.
KENNEDY.—At Agincourt, on June 15, Mrs. J. Kennedy—a daughter.
TAPSFIELD.—At Toronto, on June 22, Mrs. W. G. Tapfield—a daughter.
HARRISON.—At Elida, West York, on June 18, Mrs. T. Harrison—a daughter.
THOMPSON.—At Orillia, on June 18, Mrs. J. B. Thompson—a daughter.
MACDONALD.—At London, on June 6, Mrs. J. M. Macdonald—a daughter.
SCOTT.—At Lambton Mills, on June 15, Mrs. I. M. Scott—a daughter.
WILKES.—At Toronto, on June 14, Mrs. W. A. Wilkes—a daughter.

Marriages.

HAMILTON-ROSS.—On June 17th, at St. Lukes church, by Rev. Dr. Langtry, Charles W., fifth son of William Hamilton, Sept., Toronto Water Works; to Bertha L., only daughter of the late Peter Ross, P. O. Department, all of Toronto.

BEATTY-FRASER.—At Chatham, Ont., on Wednesday evening, June 3rd, by Rev. Arthur Murphy, Rector of Holy Trinity church, Jessie F., daughter of Mrs. James Beatty, of Goderich, to Frank Fraser, of Fonthill, Ont.

FELLOWES-GILMOUR.—On June 17th, at Cliffside, Ottawa, the residence of the bride's brother, by Rev. T. W. Heridge, Frederick Lyon Gilmour, C. E., Toronto to Mary, daughter of the late John Gilmour of Quebec.

ARMSTRONG.—At Oakville, on June 17, Mr. C. Armstrong to Helene Land King.

GRAY-HENDERSON.—At Parkdale, on June 17, William Gray to Helen Beatrice Henderson.

HALL-CUFF.—At Toronto, on June 16, William H. Hall to Constance Cuff.

NESS-MALLOY.—In Vaughan, on June 10, John James Ness to Louisa Malloy.

PATTISON-HOOVER.—At Thord, on June 17, Theo. F. Pattison to Margaret Elmira Hoover.

STEWART-BARRETT.—At Parkdale, on June 17, Robert B. Stewart to Anna Barrett, Harriett E. Barr.

DIXON-MANNING.—At Peterborough, on June 17, James H. Dixon to Adeline Manning.

SCOTT-PURVIS.—At Toronto, on June 23, Alfred Scott to Carrie Purvis.

HENDERSON—HENDERSON.—At Toronto, on June 19, John G. Henderson to Christine Young.

MCNAUL—MCNAUL.—At Etobicoke, on June 19, Theo. McNaul to Helen Sanderson McCrae.

BURTON-DICK.—At Bolton, on June 17, William Burton to King Sarah Maria Dick.

HANCOCK—HOELL.—At Ameliasburg, Ont., on June 17, Cyrus Hancock to Sarah Hoell.

LUTCHISON—DREW.—At Etobicoke, on June 17, George Hutchinson to Anna Lutchnison.

FOWLIS—CAMPBELL.—At Hastings, on June 17, Harry Watt Fowlis to Anna Electra Campbell.

MCNAUL—HENRY.—At Stamford, Ont., on June 18, Peter D. McCarthy to Anna Henry.

GOODMAN—MATTHEWS.—At Toronto, on June 23, Ambrose K. Goodman, L.L.D., of Cayuga, to Sybil C. Matthews.

HAMER—EATLE.—At Lindsay, on June 23, William H. Hamer to Anna Eatle.

MACKENZIE—FISHER.—At Marine City, Mich., on June 17, Agnes Isabelle Mackenzie to J. E. Fisher of Huntvalle.

BIN—GRAHAM.—At New York, on June 17, Duncan Bain to Eva J. Graham, both of Toronto.

BRITTEN—ROBERTSON.—At Toronto, on June 23, Stephen T. Britten to Hannah Robertson.

McANN.—At Toronto, on June 19, Mrs. Mary McAnn, aged 86 years.

MORRISON.—At Toronto, on June 19, James Morrison, aged 89 years.

SMART.—At Port Hope, on June 19, Mrs. Catharine Smart, aged 95 years.

ASHTON.—At Toronto, on June 20, Seth Ashton, aged 68 years.

GALLOWAY.—At Toronto, on June 21, Harriet Ian, fan son of Dr. and Mrs. H. P. H. Galloway.

STRICKLAND.—At Orillia, on June 14, Alexander Strickland, aged 92 years.

ARMSTRONG.—At South Orillia, on June 16, Jane E. Armstrong, aged 80 years.

GRANT.—At Toronto, on June 19, James Graney, aged 62 years.

SHEDDIE.—At Newcastle, on June 22, Miranda L. Wallbridge, aged 62 years.

HANNAH.—At Toronto, on June 22, Mrs. Ana Jane Hannah.

STRICKLAND.—At Toronto, on June 21, Martha Strickland, aged 41 years.

DOUGLAS.—At Kingston, on June 16, Miss Annie Douglas, aged 82 years.

CHADWICK.—At Guelph, on June 20, Frederick Jasper Chadwick, aged 52 years.

TURKE.—At Toronto, on June 21, Euphemia Elfrida Turke, aged 51 years.

VERHALL.—At Toronto, on June 17, Harry Percy Verhall, aged 30 years.

THOMPSON.—At Toronto, on June 17, Thomas David Thompson, aged 36 years.

ROSENTHAL.—At Toronto, Benj. S. Rosenthal, aged 57 years.

SHELDON.—At Toronto Junction, on June 21, James Sheldon, aged 68 years.

EDWARDS.—At Toronto, on June 22, Tennison Edwards formerly of Port Hope.

BROWN.—At Toronto, accidentally killed, Robert Chas. Brown, aged 17 years.
ANDERSON.—At Toronto, on June 19, Mrs. Susan Anderson, aged 75 years.
PERRAM.—At West Malling, Kent, England, Ellen A. Perram.
GROVES.—At Toronto, on June 22, Rev. Frederick J. S. Groves, aged 79 years.
MILLER.—At Galt, on June 17, Wm. Miller, aged 80 years.



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FIRST DAY—Three minute class, purse \$300. Free for all, trot, purse \$300. Trot, pace, purse \$300.

SECOND DAY—2 40 class, purse \$300. 3 32 class, pace and trot, purse \$300. 2 50 class, pace, purse \$300.

THIRD DAY—2 34 class, purse \$300. 2 30 class, purse \$300. 2 45 class, pace and trot, purse \$300. 2 48 class, pace and trot, purse \$300.

ENTRANCE FEES 7½ PER CENT.

July 1—2 34 class, purse \$300. July 2—2 30 class, purse \$300. July 3—2 45 class, purse \$300. July 4—2 48 class, purse \$300.

July 5—2 34 class, purse \$300. July 6—2 30 class, purse \$300. July 7—2 45 class, purse \$300.

July 8—2 48 class, purse \$300. July 9—2 50 class, purse \$300.

July 10—2 34 class, purse \$300. July 11—2 30 class, purse \$300. July 12—2 45 class, purse \$300.

July 13—2 48 class, purse \$300. July 14—2 50 class, purse \$300.

July 15—2 34 class, purse \$300. July 16—2 30 class, purse \$300. July 17—2 45 class, purse \$300.

July 18—2 48 class, purse \$300. July 19—2 50 class, purse \$300.